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A WORKING GIRL'S VICTORY.

The Tragic Story of Cuthbert Reynold's Sweetheart---In the Toils of Evil Men---What Love Will Dare and Do

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SYNOPSIS.

[Cuthbert Reynolds, a young lawyer who has come to New York to enter his uncle's office, rescues Marcella Keith, a beautiful orphan girl, from a ruffian, Dick Mellor, who is beating her. Cuthbert takes her to Mr. Goulding's home. They all grow fond of her, and Cuthbert learns to love her. Cuthbert soon afterwards rescues a mysterious beautiful woman from a runaway horse. Dick Mellor is furious at losing control of Marcella, who he intends to marry in order to get the wealth which he knows should be hers. Dick Mellor and his sister Bruce's husband plot to get Marcella to an old house in order to abduct her. They write her an anonymous letter, saying that information of her dead father and the wealth which belongs to her will be given her if she will call at a certain house. Mrs. Goulding and Marcella go to the house and are seized, the former being left for dead, the latter chloroformed and shut up in a secret cellar. Claudia Melrose, the woman Cuthbert rescues from the runaway horse, takes him to her home in her carriage. She nurses Cuthbert and falls in love with him, making Doctor Sampson, her lover, jealous. Claudia is the young widow of an old man, who died suddenly, leaving her wealthy.]

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

After Marcella and Mrs. Goulding disappeared within the building, the hackman waited patiently for nearly quarter of an hour. There came no sound of life from the house, and he grew uneasy—why, he could scarcely have told.

Suddenly a shriek was borne to his ears, and quickly dismounting from his seat, he rushed up the steps and turned the knob, which yielded at once to his touch.

Pushing the door wide open, he entered the dark, unwholesome-smelling hall, and almost stumbled against the body of the unfortunate Mrs. Goulding, lying gagged and bound upon the floor.

With a cry of horror, he leaned over her. A large contusion on the side of the head, and a sandbag lying on the floor beside her told the tale.

He sprang through the door and out upon the street, and shortly returned with two policemen and a party of citizens.

"Needless, needless murder has been committed!" he exclaimed, pointing to the body which lay there so still and awful.

Placing his hand over the heart, the policeman shook his head gravely, then gave a sigh of relief.

"She is not dead, but dangerously ill, I'm afraid. Call the ambulance, one of you, and be quick about it!"

Officer Johnson hastily removed the gag and cut the cord with which the unfortunate woman was bound, and a messenger was dispatched with the unwelcome intelligence to Mr. Goulding, while tender hands bore the unconscious woman to the ambulance, in which she was speedily conveyed to the hospital.

As soon as the ambulance had departed, lanterns were procured, and the party began a systematic search of the premises for the missing girl.

No trace of her presence was found, until they reached the bed room where she had been first conducted; there the scent of chloroform still remained, and on the floor lay an empty bottle, labelless, but about which the odor of the drug was not completely gone.

"Ah! A handkerchief and—a card with writing on it!" exclaimed one. The pencilled words, however, were so badly rubbed as to be undecipherable by the dim rays of the lantern.

Placing the articles in his pocket, Sergeant Johnson led the search from room to room, following the scent of the deadly drug, till they came to the door leading to the cellar, which was locked.

"Smash the door in!" shouted one of the men. "The murderer is in the cellar!" Suiting the action to the word, he threw his body heavily against the frail door, which instantly gave way, and the party poured into the cellar—only to find it empty!

Scattered about the floor of the basement kitchen, in the thick dust which lay like a carpet, were footprints, but so many and so intermingled as to render any examination useless, save that of an expert, in a search for the perpetrators of the crime.

"Look alive, there, my men!" called the sergeant, as the excited citizens rushed hither and thither, looking for some clew. "Don't spoil those footprints! They may be an important item. The detectives may be able to tell the size of the shoes, at least, which the villains—whoever they are—wore."

Upon the settee where Marcella had lain, they found the old blanket, to which the sickening smell still clung.

They looked in the closet. It was empty, save for a few pieces of mouldy, dust-covered bread, which, apparently, had laid there for months.

"Come, boys," said the sergeant, "there is evidently nothing here. All that remains for us to do is to lock up the place, and notify the inspector. The scoundrels have certainly escaped—at least, for the present—and we might as well give it up for awhile. Officer James, you remain here and guard the premises, and arrest any suspicious-looking party you see about here; and you, Cabby, come with me and tell your story to the chief."

Five minutes later, the building was once more empty, the door locked, the officer stationed near the house, and, with the articles safely stowed away in his pocket, Sergeant Johnson accepted Cabby's invitation, entered the hack, and was driven to police headquarters.

Joe and Roxie carried the half-dead girl to a sub-cellar.

After a lengthy interview with his superior officer, and a careful examination of the cabman by Detective Parmenter, who was detailed on the case, Sergeant Johnson returned to his duties.

Having learned all that he could in regard to the matter from the officer and hackman, Mr. Parmenter took possession of the articles and the party to the house, and at once repaired to the scene of the abduction and possible murder.

Carefully he went over everything in the bed chamber, and then proceeded to an inspection of the cellar.

"Rather a peculiar case," he soliloquized, as he descended the stairs. "Hackman called at the street corner, asked to deliver a note to Miss Marcella Keith, at No. 24 —— avenue; he delivers it, and brings two ladies, one in all probability, the recipient of the note, and the other the wife of the wealthy Mr. Godfrey Goulding. They come here in haste, are abducted, the other sand-bagged and bound hand and foot, probably murdered, and ruthless of the slightest clew to the identity of the perpetrators or their object. That's his story. Peculiar story, still I was forced to believe him. He's a good square man. What could have been—"

He stopped suddenly, and looked about him, then he uttered an exclamation of dismay and amazement.

The settee and the blanket which the policeman had mentioned were gone, and the footprints in the dust—from which he had hoped to learn something—even the dust itself, had disappeared completely. The floor had been swept as clean as broom could make it.

"Well, if that don't beat the devil!" he muttered. "I'm a man of nervy people, but I swear I never saw a person gutsy enough to come back and sweep the floor, after committing a crime of that nature, and especially after it had been discovered! It's a case of electrocution for the person who did that job, if he's caught, providing the lady died, as she most likely will—according to what the sergeant of police said—from the a most peculiar case. No one person did that job. I'll be bound. It took more than one pair of hands to do so neat a piece of rascality as that!"

He carefully searched every nook and corner, pulled at the cupboard, which was securely and solidly fastened to the wall, rapped on the bare brick ashes, and the backpart of the closet, but all in vain. Not one trace of any sort or nature could he find, and more thoroughly mystified than he had ever been, Detective Parmenter returned to headquarters, to report, arriving there just as the clock struck ten.

When Cuthbert left his uncle on the runaway, he, however, soon reached his limit, his breathing became labored, and he was obliged to stop, puffing and out of breath, completely losing sight of the carriage, as it turned a distant corner, leaving behind a cloud of dust.

"Good Lord! The boy will be killed! I never saw so reckless a lad in my life—but"—and his face glowed with honest pride—"the boy is brave! and I like bravery. There's no use in my attempting to follow him; might as well try to follow a whirlwind. I'll go up to the office and wait for him. If he escapes unhurt, he'll turn up there all right; if he is killed or badly hurt"—Godfrey Goulding's eyes grew misty at the thought—"I'll be there to receive the first news."

He hurried on to his office and waited. No news came. At last, as the hours

wore away, thoroughly worried, he telephoned police headquarters, and learned that no intelligence concerning the runaway had yet been received, but that, as soon as any information came, he should be at once notified.

At half-past four the telephone rang sharply, one—two—three—four—five!

Mr. Goulding sprang at once to the 'phone. "Hello!"

"Hello" came back the answer. "We have learned that your nephew knifed the horse and ran away in the woods, and then he left that and took to the railroad track, and was himself badly hurt and taken to your house. Hope he'll come out all right. Good-bye!"

"Poor boy! I must hasten home and see how much he is hurt. God grant that it is not serious!"

Saying his hat, Mr. Goulding hastened to the elevated railway station for uptown.

"Papers, sir, all about the runaway!" yelled a dirty-faced urchin, as Mr. Goulding began to ascend the platform.

Purchasing a paper, Mr. Goulding glanced it over. On the headlines of the paper the following article as sought:

"A Startling Runaway! Saved by the bravery of a young hero! He killed the horse on the edge of the dock!"

Then followed a description of the mad flight and its dramatic ending.

Reading home an hour later, Mr. Goulding was filled with dismay when he learned that a doctor had been there; that two or more of the accident had been received.

"Where is Dick?" he asked of the servant as he passed into the sitting room.

"She and Miss Keith are out, sir, but will be back in supper time. Miss Keith got a note, and they went out. She dropped the note on the floor and I picked it up and placed it on the mantel—here it is, sir," replied the maid.

With a strange forboding at his heart, Mr. Goulding read the note.

Two hours passed, and his wife and guest had not returned. Where were they?

"I cannot stand this agony of suspense and doubt a moment longer," he said to himself. "I fear harm has befallen them. What is that noise? Is it a deep groan?"

Ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage. Ten minutes later, and just missing the messenger who had been detailed to deliver the sad tidings, Mr. Goulding was on his way to the address given in the note. Arrived, and again he pulled the bell. Not a light was visible anywhere about the building, and all was silent as a tomb. The house was deserted. His worst fears seemed realized. His wife and Miss Keith had been decoyed to this lonely house and perhaps murdered!

"Drive for your life, John, to the police station!" was his order. "I fear your mistress has been murdered! And Cuthbert! My dear boy, where are you?"

Pursued by human endurance, in an agony of mind, to the anxious man within the carriage, the distance the police station seemed interminable.

Upon his arrival, the facts of the abduction and attempted murder were related to him; but as to the whereabouts of his wife these they knew nothing.

"I am very sorry to have to say to you," concluded the officer gravely, "that there is very little hope of your wife's recovery. She is not expected by doctors four, last till to-morrow, unless some new development takes place in her condition. In the meantime, we are doing their utmost to find and discover the perpetrators of this crime, and bring them to justice. As soon as we receive any further information, we will notify you."

"My wife, my love!" groaned Mr. Goulding, as he sank almost fainting into a chair. "My God, my God! What have I done that such a terrible affliction should be visited upon me!" and the sobs wrung from that strong heart were painful to hear.

At length, recovering his fort, he thanked the officer for his offices, left with him his address, and after Marcella had revived, and, almost dazed with grief, Mr. Goulding left the station.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE TOILS OF THE ENEMY.

"Just in time!" chuckled Dick Mellor, as, with a quick wrench of his powerful arms, he swung the cupboard back into its place, and with a bang fixed it to. Then he proceeded to fasten it securely in position by means of freshly driven bolts and bars, which worked silently into their sockets, consequent on his work being a half a dozen excited men sprang down stairs into the basement.

He could hear their voices raised in threatening tones, and he smiled derisively as he listened.

Some ten years before our story opens, this place had been used as a bake-shop, but the owner becoming insolvent, the premises had been sold to a man who saw, or thought he saw, more prospective wealth in selling liquor than in carrying on the more legitimate business of baking; so the large brick oven in the basement was converted into a "wine cellar," although much oftener frequently supplied with beer and gin or whisky than champagne.

Dick Mellor, who, at one time, had been in the employ of a builder and contractor, was the workman selected to prepare the hiding place for the fugitives, and he it was who had built the cunningly contrived bathes, which could at the opening so neatly and thoroughly.

Constructed of oak, it was apparently a most unwieldy affair; but, hung at one side on the heaviest of specially prepared T-hinges, screwed into the three-inch plank back, and supported at the other side with a pair of bolts and wire-cable, it required but little strength to open or close the aperture.

When closed, it could be so securely fastened as to defy all attempt to remove it, without tearing out a portion of the wall. To all appearances, it was a part of the original structure. And thus it was that, when the officer rapped on the back partition of the closet, he could get no hollow sound.

At the rear of this huge oven, there descended a narrow staircase, and down this Joe and Rosie carried the half-dead girl to a sub-cellar, which was dimly lighted by a lamp. They passed hastily through this cellar, entered a short passageway on an upward incline, then crossing another small vault, continued their way, Joe pausing to close a narrow trap door in the middle of the floor through which they had entered.

Ascending a short flight of steps, made of a stone slabs their way was barred by a bolted door.

Joe tapped lightly. The bolts were immediately drawn on the other side, and a short, portly-dressed woman appeared, lamp in hand.

The newcomers were admitted into a sort of back shed opening from the kitchen. The heavy door which they had thus gained admission was a two-story frame house, facing on another street, but just back of the one to which Mrs. Goulding and Marcella had been decoyed.

The market on the first floor was kept by Mrs. Heath, and as years gone by, had served as a place to deliver the liquors which supplied the rum-dive in the other building. For that purpose, the subterranean passage had been built; but of ranean passage had been built; but, of course, when her brother-in-law (the pawnbroker) became insolvent, and the premises were sold, there was an end to the use of the underground connection, and it had remained closed and undisturbed until put to its present use by Dick Mellor, in furtherance of his wicked scheme.

Leading the way to a bed room, adjoining the kitchen, Mrs. Heath and Joe quickly undressed the fainting case and hustled about to procure hot water and flannels.

"A pretty piece of work you have made of it," growled Joe, as he deposited his burden on the bed. "Now, you'll have to be inquired, and if she or the gal dies, we'll be the ones that'll have to suffer."

"Never say die!" quoted Mrs. Heath, as she brought the hot water and flannels, and, with the assistance of Rosie, chafed the chilled limbs and body vigorously. "This brandy will may make a complication; it seems to have been handled roughly, and—there, it's bandaged nicely; you will need a doctor to reset it."

At last a low groan broke from the purple lips; the blue eyes slowly unclosed, their brightness dimmed by a dazed expression, then closed again.

"Quick, Joe! The whisky! There it is on my dressing case."

With a steady hand, Mrs. Heath filled a wine glass to the brim, and, spoonful by spoonful, poured the fiery liquor between the swollen lips.

After a long time, Marcella faintly raised her hand to her head, and once more opened her eyes.

"Here, dearie, take this; it'll do you good," said Mrs. Heath, raising the glass.

Marcella obediently swallowed the liquid, and soon again her eyelids drooped—this time in sleep.

Rosie's heart gave a bound of relief, as she anxiously bent over the sleeping girl.

"Thank God, she will live!" murmured Rosie, fervently. "I feared—oh, God, forgive every evil thought and soul from the guilt of murder!" and she knelt by the couch, hiding her face in the bed clothes.

As soon as the officers had left the premises, and everything was still, Dick cautiously unbolted the cupboard and peered out. There was not a ray of light and not a sound of any kind reached his ears. He knew the coast is all clear. At any rate, I'll try it. So an expert can tell the size of our shoes by the footprints in the dust, eh?" he muttered, with a grim smile. "Well, my fine laddie-buck Johnson, perhaps you can, but I doubt it!"

Gathering up the bed quilt in one hand, he tied the cotton wool in the other and carried them into the brick oven. Darting out again, he got a broom in his hand, he swept the dust quickly and deftly as a woman could have done, and then with the aid of a candle the cupboard had been replaced and bolted.

Drawing from his pocket the long screws and the screw-driver which he had taken from the kitchen dresser, he proceeded leisurely to screw the cupboard securely in place.

"There," he laughed, maliciously, "I reckon you can get through there in a hurry. God-by, sweetheart, good-by!" and he made his way through the passages, closing all the modes of egress behind him, finishing them all with bolts, and in a short time was seated in Mrs. Heath's sitting room.

When Marcella awoke, the day was far advanced, and she gazed wearily about the room, her eyes falling upon the face of the, to her, most hateful being on the face of the earth, Dick Mellor.

Advancing to the bedside, he remarked, with a smile:

"Good morning, Marcella."

Her forehead contracted, and she turned away her head.

"Sulky and touchy, eh?" he continued; "I've got something to say to you. You have got a broken arm, which is going to be exceedingly painful, anyway; and unless it be reset, and that right away, you may lose your arm. Now, I've a proposition to make you. If you will give me your word of honor, not to deny a single statement I shall make, nor make any appeal to the doctor to assist you, nor give him away in any manner, and make an attempt to escape during the time—giving me your word of honor to this effect, mind you—I will get a physician to reset your arm, and will get you set well. I have no desire to see you suffer, for, Marcella, I love you!"

Scorn in her blue eyes fairly blazed with scorn, and her proud lip curled with contempt.

"I'd vomit me if I will not listen to you!"

"Oh, won't you?" and Dick grinned, though his eyes snapped viciously at her open form, "perhaps you've got to, because you can't help yourself!"

"That's all right, my high-down lady, but that's not to the point. I've got to see you suffer, or else not? Give me your word of honor as I have asked you, and I'll get a doctor to-day, and not only say or do anything to give the doctor an idea that everything is not square, and I'll get him."

"I never will promise such a thing!" she began, faltering, but turning from him at the slight movement cost her a sharp twinge of pain, and a groan escaped her.

"You see," said Dick, with keen malice, "what you've got to go through, if you don't promise."

Marcella closed her eyes and remained silent, but she was thinking. She could never hope to escape with a broken arm, and reflected, and wondered, as he had said, lose her arm. If she could only get well—

"Mr. Mellor," she said, finally, "I am in your power. I will promise this: I will make my arm—I will promise this: I will make no effort to escape while my arm is healing. I will send no word to the physician, should you summon one; but I warn you that I will make a determined effort to get out of your scoundrelly clutches at the first opportunity while healing itself, afterward."

Again that malicious gleam came into the crafty, devilish eyes.

"All right, my fine lady, we'll take you up on that promise. I will guarantee that I'll look after you and see that you don't get away afterwards. Remain as my wife, I'll go now, and get a doctor."

With a mock deferential bow, he left the room.

The bitter tears welled up into the sorrowful, despairing eyes, and rolled down the pallid cheeks.

"Am I indeed deserted by my God?" she wept.

(To be continued next week.)

"Good Beginnings Make Good Endings."

This fickle month of April, the first of Spring, begins aright by cleansing Nature's house of all impurities collected during the winter months. The same persistency should be shown by humanity in cleansing the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. The same good results will be obtained by all ages and both sexes.

BAD BLOOD—"Although past 70 years of age I am thoroughly well. It was three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla that made me so after spending over $60 in medical attendance. My trouble was a raw sore on my ankle." Mrs. Louisa Mason, Court Street, Lowell, Mass.

ERYSIPELAS—"For ten years my face would break and swell and burn with erysipelas. When I had used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured. It later on cured my grip." Mrs. Sarah Siegler, 15 Cherry Street, Newport, Rhode Island.

SICK HEADACHE—"I am now 21. Since I was 5 years old I was troublously with impure blood, biliousness and sick headache until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla by doctor's advice. I owe my life to it." Elvira A. Remmell, Hancock, N. H.

PIMPLES—"I have never been well and strong until lately. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored my strength and caused the disappearance of annoying pimples on my face. Send it to a friend." Annette Mesmyer, 120 Atlantic St., St. Paul, Minn.

SCROFULA—"I took a physician's treatment for six months for scrofula, which produced running sores. He finished by saying without a sore six months from the time I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I was well." Urban Hammond, Table Grove, Ill.

SPRING TIRED—"That excellent blood purifier and tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla, made me well out of that distressing tired feeling that comes in spring time." Ora E. Morgan, Dewey, Ill.

RUN DOWN—"My daughter was all run down in health; we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She soon grew stronger, her appetite returned and now she is well again." Mrs. J. H. Savage, Hemlitter, N. H.

RHEUMATISM—"For several winters I was confined to my bed from rheumatism. I was relieved myself by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I now take regularly." John I. Morris, 109 Miller St., Utica, N. Y.

BLOOD POISONING—"I suffered nine weeks months with blood poisoning. Grandmother prescribed Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon after the sores disappeared and I was perfectly cured. Julius B. Craig, 51 Park Street, Cleveland, O.

WEAKNESS—"Six years a sufferer from weakness, and could not help me. Hood's Sarsaparilla, however, made a wonderful change to good health." Amanda J. Rader, East Radford, Va.

IMPURE BLOOD—"There can be no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. It is our family physician." Miss C. A. Elliot, Grinnell, Iowa.

FAMILY TROUBLE—"At my time of life Hood's Sarsaparilla is indispensable. We use it as a family medicine for all ages." Mrs. H. Groves, Roanoke, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CURED OF BORROWING.

There was a meeting of the Grange. The farmers came in one after the other, and soon the little meeting house was filled with the anxious, happy assemblage. Mr. Jonathan Pinder, the master, rapped for order and called the roll. Every man answered to his name, with the exception of Mr. Haynes. Mr. Haynes announced at the conclusion of the preliminary business that there was a very difficult matter for discussion, and moved that John Bangs make remarks upon the subject he might choose. The whole meeting seconded the motion with a roar.

Mr. Bangs arose and looked at the cobweb in the corner of the room as if he thought there was inspiration in the dusty cobweb. He then glanced at the floor and said he believed he was ready to say. The crowd stamped and yelled, and amid the discord Bangs found room to say: "I will now say something." "Hurrah for Bangs!" etc., all of which quite took the old farmer by surprise, and he was silent. At last he was sounding and balancing himself against the desk. He cleared and cleared and cleared his throat.

"Well, I'm not that sort o' citizen—as wants to make hard feelin's 'mong each other, but when I see a screw loose I want to take a screw-driver and tighten it. [The audience tittered and stamped. Bangs fixed his eyes on Haynes.] Now, I'm not a-hurtin' of the chairman, who acted as if he had been shot, and turned pale and looked up nervous at a crack in the ceiling.] Now, it is a very good thing to be neighborly, and it is very useful thing to have it made strong; in fact, it is the best screw-driver we ever had. Loud laughter.] Now, there's been a screw loose for a long time in our neighborhood. [Deep silence.] I'm a-goin' to use my screwdrivin' your screw-driver on it. You all know what is happenin' in the grocery, and what a still more disagreeable thing it is to tend. [Loud clapping and stamping.] As I said, I don't want no hard feelin's, but if any of you have been bothered as much as I have by that screw-driver he borrowed of me not long ago, for my woman is about to take up the carpet."

This brief extemporaneous address was followed by wild cheering and excited stamping till the whole room was a dense cloud of dust. No one minded it but the spider, who scampered over his swinging mansion's delicate carpeting and settled himself down in his back chamber in perfect disgust at the behavior of the Grangers.

The plans suggested for curing Mr. Caleb Haynes of borrowing were numerous, none of which seemed entirely satisfactory but

the one set forth by Mr. Bangs.

The meeting then dissolved, and the Grangers dispersed to their homes.

* * * * * * *

Caleb Haynes was feeding his pigs. Looking up toward the hill his eye caught the wagon of John Bangs loaded with something.

"Good-morning, Caleb," said John.

"Good-morning, John. Going to market?"

"Oh, no. I just merely thought I would bring over a few things. You were not at the Grange last night?"

"No, I couldn't come. Had to go to town last night to my old woman's cousin Ann to borrow a fluting machine. I knew there was no such thing around in this neighborhood."

"Wish I had one. I would loan it to you. But I guess there is something here you will like. Now, here is a new axe I will let you have till you get ready to return it, and——"

"Oh, you are too kind."

"And a coffee-grinder and a first-rate grindstone. Yes, and here is a double-shovel plough—just what you want for your new corn."

"John, you are a Christian. If everybody was like you this would be a happy world."

But before he could say any more John whipped up his horses and started for home.

Mrs. Haynes was delighted with the coffee-grinder, and declared that she would not be in a hurry to return it. While they were breakfasting they heard the clatter of wheels, and soon after someone knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Caleb.

"Good-morning," said Jacob Fuller. "I am on my way to market, and thought I would stop and loan you a few things."

"How clever you are!" said Mrs. Haynes.

"Here is some sugar and nutmegs my wife put up, and a bottle of vinegar."

"How thoughtful she is! Why, I was just coming after those very things, for we had a dumpling, and we can't eat our lettuce without vinegar, you know."

"Of course not," observed Mr. Fuller. "And here is a spool of thread; she said that she thought that you were out."

"Yes, I am. Now I can finish Bobby's pants."

Mrs. Haynes smiled and remarked that Mrs. Fuller would be a bright spot in heaven. Mr. Fuller drove on, and wondered what sort of a nook Mrs. Haynes would have in the same place.

William Boynton was none the slower for his many hairs. He rushed into the yard like an antelope.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Caleb.

"The fact is," said the old man, "I'm in a sort of hurry, and I thought I might as well be a little lively. Here is a string of dried apples my wife thought you folks would like to try; and I thought I would save you the trouble of coming after the weekly paper. There is a good deal of news in it. And here is a scythe to cut your grass. Good-day."

Boynton was off as quick as he came and had not gone ten steps before young Robert Danvers came riding down the road on a gallop, and leading another horse. Caleb handed the string of dried apples to his wife and went to the gate to see what was wanted.

"Pa sent me down with our bay, Mr. Haynes," said Danvers. "He said he knew that you didn't like to borrow, but he thought you needed a horse for awhile."

Before Caleb could utter one word the young man galloped away. Caleb led the animal to the barn and then walked slowly to the house.

"Well you what it is," said he to his wife, "I'm growin' spicious."

"Of what?" she said.

"Of the neighbors. I can't tell what's the matter with them; they're getting too good-hearted."

He was interrupted by Ben Topham yelling to him from the front gate. Caleb left his wife and asked his friend what was up.

"I'm going to town to put some business. My wife told me to be sure and call at your house as I came along, for she wanted your wife to try our new coffee grinder."

"We've already borrowed one this morning," said Caleb, with a puzzled face.

"That won't make any difference. You can use both. Let me see. Oh, yes, here is the weekly paper; I thought perhaps you would like to read the news."

"But I've got a copy already. Bill Boynton brought one over not long ago."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. You can read one while the woman is reading the other I must go. Good-by."

"Good-by," returned Caleb.

The coffee grinder and newspaper set Mrs. Haynes to thinking. How these two articles would have happened to have been duplicated the same day was a mystery she could not understand. But she was a thoughtful also, and he hitched the borrowed horse into the borrowed double-shovel plow in a manner that would have led any bystander to think that she had committed some act for which he was deeply ashamed.

He worked hard, and ate but little dinner. The officiousness of the neighbors troubled him more than the possibility of a short crop of corn. When the sun set, Caleb ceased work and wended his way home.

"Well," said he, coming in the back door, "has anybody else been over to loan us a paper?"

"Caleb, you're a fool!"

The farmer's hands dropped to his lap, as if he had received an electric shock, and he stared at his wife in mute astonishment.

"Yes, Caleb, you're a fool. I am a fool, and anybody that borrows is a fool. Do you hear?"

"I hear. But what has come across you so suddenly?"

"I don't think it has come suddenly. If we had not been such fools we'd seen it before this."

"Well, Susan, I wish you'd explain your nonsense, and stop acting so much like a fool. I'm hungry."

The most sensitive part of Caleb's feelings was touched, and he rose from his chair and walked the floor impatiently.

"I'll give you to understand," said his wife, "that you shan't have a mouthful till I've had my say."

"Well, hurry up," said Caleb.

"All right. In the first place, neither you nor I were at the meeting last night, were we?"

"No."

"Well, now, to come down to business, I know very well that they talked about us and our habit of borrowing."

"Don't believe it."

"I do. I know it. I've been thinking about it all this afternoon. How could it happen that they'd bring us so many things the same day? A wagon load of it—two coffee grinders and two newspapers!"

"Susan, I begin to believe you."

"You'd better. It's just as plain as beans on a string."

"What can we do?"

"Do! why, take everything back as soon as you get through your supper."

"But don't we need the things?"

"What of it? Take them all back, I say, and we can buy our own things."

"But, Susan, it will cost a good deal."

"Can't help it. We must act independent. We'll buy our things after this."

"Why, of course we can; and if we can't we can do without," said Caleb, brightening.

"That's right. I'll pound up the coffee with a hammer and the horrors and bother grinder."

A new feeling came over Mr. Haynes. His manhood seemed to have returned, and his hearts seemed to be lifted off a heavy load. After supper he hitched his old mare to his wagon and started on his journey to town. Everything that was brought to his house in the morning. Harry, the oldest boy, helped the borrowed wagon. The neighbors were dumbfounded. There was not one member who thought that the trick would be found out for a week. No one had an opportunity to question him. He merely announced that he had come to return the articles borrowed, and that he hoped never to get in the miserable habit again. It was 3 o'clock before he returned home, and by that time the horses were through with a clock struck ten. The next morning Caleb declared that he never had in had for many months.

"It seems so much better to use your own things," he remarked.

"You are right," assented his wife.

By the time the month had passed Mr. Haynes had bought another horse, subscribed for the weekly paper, and furnished the house and farm with the necessary implements for convenience.

At the next Grange meeting Mr. and Mrs. Haynes answered promptly when Jonathan Fuller came to their names on the roll, and the latter was quite glad to see Caleb once and said he would like to say a few words. The whole audience was silent. They thought that the last words to be in the presence of a man whom they had injured.

Caleb arose, and essayed to feel but his voice coming with an effort; "I was not present at the last meeting, and am very glad of it. You have done great good. I don't want anybody to feel bad because he may have talked about me behind my back. I am cured of the miserable, beggarly habit of borrowing, and that is enough. I move we speak upon another subject."

The conclusion of the brief speech which was uttered with a good deal of feeling, was followed by cheers. Caleb and pressed Caleb's hands. Everyone in the room followed the example of the agile old man, and Haynes felt that he was honored beyond his merits. At the end of this unsuat performance someone suggested that singing would be the next thing in order. Not a person seemed to need it. Jonathan Fuller hunted around for awhile for the "singing-master," and cried, "Here is one for the Weary," in as high a key as he could maintain without imputting an whidpipe. To be sure some said "We-ar-ry," and others let the prolonged sound pass through their noses, but their souls aspired above the sordid earth. Even the little black spiders came down on their webs, and three other little spiders and listened to the music, and did not run away. Everybody as during the meeting when they raised such a dust.

A BRITON LASS.

BY ETTA J. WEBB.

The mist wreaths still hung low upon Cape Smoky, rising rugged and majestic far up into the clouds, while the tide ceaselessly measured the space of an hour in his ascent from the bosom of the mighty Atlantic. The dew of the night had brought enough tough grass which clothed the sloping hillside, at the foot of which the huge straggling, weather-beaten little fishing hamlet of Mull. Early as it was, smoke was rising from many a chimney and here and there at the doorways, shading their eyes with their hands from the sun's rays, stood women who gazed earnestly after the fishing fleet sailing, or rowing into the harbor, sturdy, hardy women, with muscles like steel, and constitutions to match, women who scorn acquaintance with the wind and the sea.

"The neebors mak' a sair clatter," grumbled Granny Elspeth, as the noise she was mending.

Her granddaughter, Margaret, flung down the platter she was polishing with a sudden, angry movement, and Granny Elspeth had lifted for a moment from her fine features knitted there against the sunlight.

"Eh!" exclaimed Granny Elspeth, curiously. "Eh, laggie!"

"I didna speak," the girl answered, sullenly.

She was so unhappy, poor Margaret, she who had been noted for her light heart and laughing face, that she could not help it, nearly if not quite a fortnight. Since then the demon of jealousy had taken possession of her soul and so changed and warped it that she hardly knew herself the happy Margaret of that happier time. She and John had been all in all to each other until Mary came. As Margaret told Granny, she not heard John express his liking for Mary, but everybody knew that Mary had lived for a year in the States, and had learned new ways of dress and manner—ways which the men looked upon with undisguised admiration, and the women with undisguised envy and disdain. All the young men had flocked about her, eager for one word or look from her which they might call their own. And John had gone with the rest.

It had been a bitter experience for Margaret, and she had borne it with poor grace. No man can long maintain his equanimity while the tears and wails and reproaches and upbraidings. The condition of affairs between the lovers grew gradually worse until the climax was reached. They quarreled, and John had received a lock of her hair and a broad silver piece which he himself had broken and hung upon Margaret's neck. That was last night, the morning the fishing boat was the foremost in the fishing fleet sailing yonder against the horizon.

Margaret had risen early and gone to the wharf with the other women, in the hope that he might relent at last and say one word to her in farewell. But, no, he sailed away and never did she catch the eyes fixed upon her with a look in them that could straight to her heart. Her lips opened then to call his name, but before the call could be given he had stepped into the boat and was making ready to push off.

She turned away to hide her bitter disappointment she came face to face with Mary McCulloch, who was regarding her with a curious smile. That smile was like wormwood to Margaret's sore spirit. Repentance instantly gave way to jealous anger—anger against her lover, against her rival, but most of all against herself that she should have thus suffered her feelings to betray her.

The memory of that smile still lingered with Margaret as the day wore on. It rankled in her heart. Something—every thing that she had hitherto held sweet and desirable in her life—seemed to have lost into her eyes. She could set herself at no task. Restless, she paced up and down the little cottage like some splendid, untamed animal impatient at restraint, or flung herself on the old settle in the chimney-corner to sit for an hour with her head bowed in her hands.

"Maggie! Maggie!" complained Granny Elspeth. "Deil tak' the lass! Maggie—I say Maggie!"

The girl lifted her head wearily. All her bright beauty was gone. There was a strangely old, haggard look upon her features.

"Weel, what will ye?" she demanded, roughly.

"Ah' ye gane clean daft, lass, that ye ha' na ears nor eyes for what's happenin' about ye? There's a squall blowin' up, an' if I'm no' mistaken we'll ha' a sair night o' it. An' Sandy's out in't, heaven preserve us! 'Twill not be time for his boat this three good hours."

Margaret started wildly to her feet and ran to the door of the cottage. In the east great purple masses of cloud were swiftly rolling up. A spiteful little wind was lashing the waters into foam, and already the dull, hollow booming of the breakers came to her ears. While she stood thus half-bewildered the wind rose to a perfect gale and an ominous hush prevailed. The whole expanse of land and water lay in a peculiar greenish tinge which is sometimes most terrible before the storm. The air darkened until it had the appearance of midnight. Then a single flash of lightning rent the clouds asunder, with a terrific burst of thunder that seemed to shake the village from its very foundation. The storm was upon them. Margaret had barely time to spring back and close the door before the rain dashed, in all the fury of its baffled rage, against it.

All night long the storm continued and all night long Margaret sat with a face of stone, unmoved by Granny Elspeth's groans and lamentations.

"O, Sandy, my puir lad, my puir lad! Weel I know I shall ne'er set eyes on your bonnie face again. Sandy, my puir lad, Sandy!"

Was it of her brother alone that Margaret thought as she listened to the howling of the storm without? Where was her bitterness, her jealous anger, her wild arraignment now? All gone. O, had they never been! Remorse could not have been powerful to frame the words. She could only wait—wait for the breaking of the morning and the breaking away of the storm.

At dawn of day the sun shone forth in all its glory upon the ruin which the fierce gale had covered—upon flying clouds and drenched hillsides, upon the wreck still chafing but with its forces ill spent, upon the little cove and arrows, the boats with pieces of timber and drifts of seaweed and wounding nose wonderful to behold than these—five lifeless bodies of those which the sea by some inscrutable impulse had brought back to their homes and loved ones.

And thus came John to his love. As she kneeled beside him in the glad brightness of the new day, upon the wet ribbed sand, Margaret felt that for her henceforth all days must be even as this one; for her the sun might never again shine with the radiance of old, for her life, as far as all joy and pleasure and hope were concerned, was done. She did not weep. She only said over and over again in the same weary, toneless way:

"Forgi' me, John—John, forgi' me."

Then after a little the sound of sobbing fell upon her ears. She was conscious that she no longer knelt alone. Someone was there with her—a woman, and that woman Mary McCulloch.

With a sudden return to her old self Margaret drew her shirt across the white, upturned face of her dead.

(Continued on page seven.)

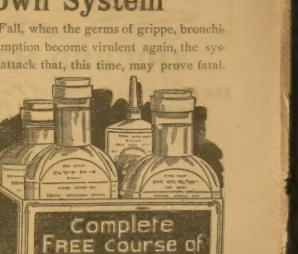
The After Effects of Winter Cough

Show themselves all Spring and Summer in a general weakness, anæmia, debility and weary feeling that plainly prove a

Run-down System

until, at the approach of Fall, when the germs of grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption become virulent again, the system falls a victim to an attack that, this time, may prove fatal.

In Spring and Summer, therefore, **build up** a strong defense against coming colds with the aid of the **Slocum System** of **Treatment.**



This new scientific treatment consists of four scientific preparations, from formulæ carefully devised by the most eminent authority on diseases of tissue waste. These four preparations consist first, of a tissue food, second of a nerve food, third of a lung food, and fourth of a food for the mucous membrane, all of which, taken together perseveringly and according to directions, build up the sick system and make the whole body well and strong.

To Prove

the value of these **four food** preparations, the doctor will send a **complete free course of treatment,** consisting of a pack age of each (four packages in all) upon request.

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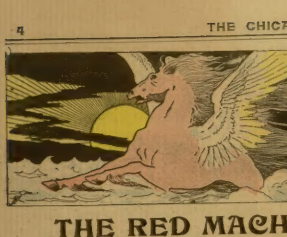

THE RED MACHETE.

The Fair Conspirator of Porto Rico---A Secret League Oath-Bound to Freedom---Love, Wrong, and Retribution.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

(Copyrighted 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Frank Delgarde, an American, has married a wife from Porto Rico and has a beautiful daughter, eighteen years of age. He has lived in Porto Rico some twenty years. The Spanish general, Santa Sara, wishes to marry the girl, but Delgarde refuses him his daughter, since she does not love the Spaniard. Santa Sara then forces Delgarde to terms by claiming that he has evidence that Delgarde has been committed to States on account of his health for about twenty years, and that he would expose and publish it unless Delgarde gives up his daughter to the Spaniard. That night the Spaniard goes to Santa Sara's home, breaks open the general's desk, and takes the fatal evidence, but is surprised by a servant girl. Delgarde shoots the man dead. Colonel Delgarde, however, is arrested and imprisoned in Morro Castle, charged with complicity in the Spanish general's murder. His wife and daughter disappear. Among the prisoners in the castle are Rafael Valdos and Willis Talbot, a rich young Englishman, who is a friend of Delgarde. Talbot is shocked to find Delgarde in prison, and sympathizes with Rosella, who he admires. Rosella, however, will not hear to Talbot's love making and swears to aid her father in escaping. Talbot at last starts with Rosella and her mother on the yacht for the west coast of the island.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRISONER.

Under the shelter of a rocky bluff, on the westerly coast of the beautiful island of Porto Rico there stands a small group of humble homes, the style of building place of the poorer class of natives.

The situation is a picturesque one, sheltered by rugged bluffs, and half hidden in a grove of palms, while there is the appearance upon all that in the long ago there stood the plantation wills of some wealthy man, though only the ruins of the mansion remain and the denizens of the hamlet referred to have depended upon fishing for their livelihood.

Havana was not often to be found upon the bold coast, but not far from the group of homes is a little harbor, very small indeed, and the existence of which few suspect, while only a most skilled pilot should attempt to carry even a small fishing boat through the dangerous channel to an anchorage.

The roadway, like many in Porto Rico, leading from the fishing hamlet to the nearest town where supplies can be bought, is but a rugged trail, hence few dwellers but a rugged trail, hence few dwellers but a rugged trail, hence few dwellers

Something like a good, sound American oath broke from Talbot's lips at this, but he quickly asked pardon and made no comment further as to what he thought of the Spaniard's game to gain his freedom.

Soon after the mother and daughter retired to the cabin, and onward flew the Rover on her mission. All the following day, with no land in sight, the yacht sped along, and the next night, as she neared her destination, the prisoner was taken below decks where he could see nothing and hear but little of what was going on, while to make sure of his not escaping he was put in irons.

The bold headland of Porto Rico soon after came in view, and Neptune, the negro, took the wheel of the yacht, for he was an expert sailor, and knew the secret channel into the little known haven perfectly.

"I run you in, and then I run you out, Americano," said Neptune, and Talbot had perfect confidence in the ability of the negro to keep his word, watching with admiration and interest his wonderful skill in handling the yacht in the narrow and tortuous channel.

A landing was safely made, Mara and Neptune being first put ashore to explain their coming to the few people in the little hamlet, and then, seeing that Senora Delgarde and her daughter were made comfortable in their new and humble home, a plan for future action was arranged, farewells said, and with Neptune again at the wheel the Rover stood out to sea.

"Americano Masa all right now—keep straight on, no stop put Neptune on shore, we swim," and without a word more the negro leaped over the stern of the yacht and struck out to swim back into the little harbor, a quarter of a mile distant.

Talbot would have thrown the yacht into the wind and lowered a boat to go after him and pick him up, only he saw that the rapid strokes of the negro would soon carry him ashore, and across the waters from him came a cheery:

"Me all right! Adios, Senor Americano!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A DREAD ALTERNATIVE.

Affairs in San Juan had become quieted down, after the imprisonment of Colonel Frank Delgarde, and the severe charges made against him, before another cause came to excite the people in the mysterious disappearance of the Delgarde family from their plantation.

How or when they had gone no one seemed to be aware and their agent in San Juan was as much in the dark as others, being only able to say that a letter had been brought to him by the overseer, giving an address in New Orleans, where they could be reached by correspondence.

It was said that the three servants who had quarters in the villa had disappeared with Senora Delgarde and the senorita, and the other attendants all had their homes around the same distance from the mansion, and spent some distance from the villa, and it not being there was surprised in the morning to find it empty, a letter and the key fastened on the rear door for the overseer.

This was all that the other servants knew, and Neptune, Mara and Nanita had gone with Senora Delgarde and her daughter.

There were wagon-wheel tracks showing that something had been moved from the villa, but there were lost at the highway, where many other vehicles had passed along.

Of course the senora and her daughter had gone into San Juan and taken a steamer from the island that had sailed for New York the night of their flight, but try as they might to prove this, or to trace them, the Spanish officers could not.

Then it was thought that the fugitive party had driven to some other port on the island, and yet whether they had or had not could not be found out.

So wrought up was General Santa Sara over the departure of the wife and daughter of his rival, that he at once rode out to Florida Plantation to investigate for himself.

He alone knew the fact of his spy, Captain Walton, Pappegarre at the same time. This he kept to himself, but the thought was a torture to him, for he could not understand it.

He went himself to the quarters of his aide and interviewed the faithful valet that the captain had left at dark the evening before, that he had gone off in the uniform of a private soldier, but wore his cape over it, and his own hat, and had not been seen since.

Then the general sent for the two sergeants who had gone out as guards with the captain. They told him that they had taken to a quarantine a deserted cabin on the plantation and there the captain had left them, saying that he would return at midnight.

But he did not return, and toward dawn they had gone in search of him and found no trace of him, when they left he was alive.

As the captain did not appear by sunrise, they had mounted horses and returned to San Juan, leading the animal he had ridden and bringing his cloak and hat.

That was all they knew.

But how about Captain Valdos?

He had either been captured or killed, and his body, dead or alive, made away with.

This was all that General Santa Sara could surmise, and he was in no pleasant humor as he rode back to the plantation.

Suddenly, glancing seaward, he heard a shot, and spurring to the cliff not far distant, he saw the little harbor guardboat firing upon a large schooner craft that was flying away under a stiff breeze that just then had swept across the waters.

He could not make out the colors the yacht was flying but he saw that the little gunboat was hastily left astern and the shots were flying wild.

"That fetes her crazy. They are on yonder craft—has! here are wheel tracks upon the cliff. Their flight is plain now, but what of Valdos? Is he dead, a prisoner, or did he play me false and run off with Senorita Rozella, for I verily believe that he loved her.

So saying, and observing that the yacht had escaped, he drove spurs into his horse and rode swiftly back to the city. He did not draw rein until he rode up to the entrance of that frowning old fortress, the Morro. He was at once admitted by the keeper, and, dismounting, was shown to the cell of his prisoner, Colonel Delgarde.

"Leave us," he said sternly to the guard, and he turned to the American, who rose at his entrance.

The prisoner was ironed to the floor by a manacle around one ankle, and his cell was a most dismal entrance.

"These quarters do not compare with your pleasant ones, Colonel Delgarde," said General Santa Sara, with a sneer.

Delgarde made no reply.

"So I was just in time in arresting you, Sir Conspirator, for you had already let your family go without your knowledge."

"My wife and daughter gone?" cried Delgarde, and his look and words showed intense surprise.

"Yes, as you well know; but you are a good actor in counterfeiting surprise you know. They have gone, but you are here, in my power, and unless you at once write in a letter regarding them, telling them that your life depends upon their immediate return and which letter I will send after them in a swift torpedo boat, now in the harbor, I swear to you I will have you shot as a conspirator within half an hour."

"General Santa Sara, I did not know that my wife and daughter had escaped from your power, but, having done so, you may do your worst, for I shall not recall them," was the cold reply.

"Then, by high heaven, I will have you shot!" and the Spanish general's face was fearful to behold, as he turned savagely on the Morro.

This dramatic and thrilling story of life in Porto Rico will run next week.

The reader is respectfully referred to our subscription offer on page three.

Lightening His Grief.

Widower—I say, my dear friend, have you ever been here before?

Burglar—N-no, sir.

Widower—Well, would you mind coming around quite often—say once or twice a week—and going through my trousers, just as you are doing now? You don't know how much you remind me of my dear departed wife, Angeline. It seems almost as if she were alive again. Good night, my friend—God bless you!

Colored Pictures
In Blade
LAST WEEK
Were
BIG WINNERS
NEXT WEEK
The Origin of Certain
Slang Phrases
and Other Original
Features

An Intrepid Retreat.

A courier dashed into the camp.

He fell upon his knees before the young man with the silent eyes and the pompadour hair.

"Gadzooks!" exclaimed the latter; the young man, not the hair. "By my troth, something must have happened. Speak, sirrah!"

That wasn't the name of the kneeling courier, but he spoke just the same.

"Dictator Generalissimo!" he exclaimed, "they are coming!"

"Ha, ha!" The laugh of the young man with the pompadour hair was cold and steely. "How did they learn our whereabouts, the temperary habitat of me and me staff?"

"I dunno, most potent, grave and reverend master," was the reply. "Somebody must have told 'em."

"A-ha, true; that had not occurred to me."

"And 'tis said, back there," the courier went on, "that advantage must be taken of our present condition, a condition sans beans, sans grub, sans clothes, sans everything."

"What!" cried the pompadoured young man. "Ain't true that we have none of these?"

"It is!," was the reply. "The commissary has left only two bananas and a can of beef stamped with the seal of a Chicago morgue, that was taken prisoner while trying to escape from the forward lines of the enemy during the last battle."

The pompadour's eyes started almost from his head.

"And the toilet water, is that gone?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Aye."

"And the bath tablets?"

"Aye."

"And the hair oil?"

"Aye."

"Ah!" The cry of the young man was a cry of anguish. "Then," he exclaimed, "this is no place for me and me trusted staff. Tell those in front to fight on, and that their intrepid leader, with his consort, has ducked for Manila, seven million miles up the country, where, later, it will be proclaimed that we are making a stand!"

And before the courier could rise to his feet the chief pompadour, and the three other pompadours that had stood near by, were out of sight.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If chickens were found in the sea,
And three times one were nine;
If the pony rode the master;
If the buttercups ate the cows;
If the cat indulged in mice for dinner;
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;

If mamma, sir, sold the baby,
To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady;
The world would be upside down!
If any or all these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be inside out!

Shows Good Health.

"I allus likes ter listen," said Uncle Eben, "when a man sis dem an' talks wise an' comfortin'. It shows dar isn't nuffin' de matter wit' is health."

FREE TO MILLIONS
OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it.

Thousands owe their health and even life to Swamp-Root and thousands more who to-day think themselves beyond help, can be made well by the use of this great remedy.

Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this Ledger, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing many thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention this paper when writing or sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores.

Those Girls.

Maud—Between us, dear, I think the count's compliments rather gush. He told me the sight of my beautiful face actually made his mouth water.

Edith—The idea! I'm sure your face doesn't look quite that much like a lemon!

KING COFFEE

Caused Weak Heart and Other Trouble.

Our family is a large one and we have all been greatly benefited by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Postum Food Coffee. I formerly had a very weak heart and trouble with my head and the trouble was gradually getting worse while I was using coffee.

I also had frequent headaches and sleepless nights. These have all gone since the drug and one may read many times that it has been discarded. A neighbor, Mr. A. Woodruff, was a confirmed dyspeptic for years until he was induced to use Postum. Now he is entirely cured and thanks Postum for it. Mr. M. Monson and Mr. D. S. Barclay, friends, have found great relief from leaving off coffee and using Postum. Now they enjoy health.

I have made many inquiries among quite a list of friends who have been using Postum, and always find good accounts where it has been faithfully used. You cannot impress that point too strongly on the people that they must have a trial of Postum, for if it is not thoroughly boiled, it has a flat taste and that drives them away from it, whereas, if they only knew how delicious it is when well made and how richer blood it makes, and how it nourishes, they would do almost any way to insure getting a good drink and send me a long list of names of those who really know how to make it right and use it every day, if you care for them. M. E. Woodruff, 253 Crescent Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nothing to Him.

Watts—I want to say that magician was certainly a wonder. Pulled a rabbit out of a thimble, will you?

Hotforth—Pooh! I'd pull a snake eighteen feet long, with a lighted gas jet in his mouth out of a quart bottle.

To Indianapolis and Cincinnati.

Four trains daily, via Monon and C. H. & D. Parlor and sleeping cars; most roadbed. Modern equipment. Luxurious parlor and dining cars by day; palace sleeping cars by night. City ticket office, 232 Clark St. Depot, Dearborn Station.

He Might Have Known.

"Cholly, the idiot, told Ethel that he loved her at the very moment of her marriage."

"I think that rather bright."

"No, dear, but now she is jealous of the imaginary other."

PERSONAL.—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of members wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, correspondences and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address (with stamp) Empire Exchange and membership blanks. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 192, Chicago, Ill.

Many a man lies out of pure cowardice afterward because of conscience he will do all in his power to correct the ill results of that lie.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Many a fool has led an army of wiser men to victory.

"Then, by high Heaven I will have you shot."

A SINNER'S FATE.

BY G. A. BOLDEN.

Inside the lonely cabin, situated high on the mountain, the firelight throws a cheerful glow upon the otherwise cheerless room, on the plain and almost rude furniture, on the bare walls and the bare rafters of the ceiling, and upon the face and form of a young mother cooing in a soft voice to an infant which she hugs close to her bosom. The song she hums is one as old as the hills which tower above this humble abode:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

As she sings, the look of peace and rest upon her features is in keeping with the words of the grand old hymn. And yet, in that face, with its dark brown eyes, its high forehead, its wavy chestnut hair, and more than all, the premature lines in the *eyes*, can be read a story that is of the past—a story that contains a world of sadness, but a story that to the world is as old as the world itself. No second glance is needed to convince that this woman is not a part of her surroundings. The face, the form, the shapely hands tell a different tale from that of the lonely cabin and its lone location on the mountain.

The baby stirs and utters a low cry, but is hushed to sleep again by the soothing tones of the mother. Presently she arises, and, crossing the room to the corner nearest the fireplace, deposits the precious burden in a cradle—the only ornament that can be found in the cabin. A wonderful piece of furniture is this cradle. Made of antique polished oak, with dragings of scarlet lace, and cunning quilts of white and the sarsenet. An examination of the material of this cosy little appliance also reveals the youngster's right dress in one of cranberry wool, trimmed at the neck and wrist-bands with rarest lace. The baby's face is much like that of another babies of its age, unless it be that the closer observation shows the tender care on the part of the mother. It is plainly a healthy, robust child, with pinkish cheeks, the delicate tinge of pink in its chestnut-hued hair. The mother stands gazing down at her sleeping child with a look that is almost of happiness, and then, as she stands thus gazing at all she loves on earth let us describe her. She is a willowy lass of above the average in height, a small, well-rounded waist, a slender, graceful neck, at the nape of which the chestnut curls fall lovingly which blow forth in case to trust the snowy whiteness of her skin. As she turns to behold an owl face, a delicately carved mouth, and in the brown eyes tears are welling up, ready to overflow. Brushing them aside she crosses the cabin floor and opening the door gazes forth into the silence of the night. It is the season of the year when spring has verged almost into summer; the oak leaves have not yet taken on their hue of darkest green and the flowers of spring are ready to burst into full bloom. The night is so peaceful as the scene we have just witnessed inside the cabin. A pale moon sheds its soft light on all about, a million stars are winking and blinking in mock calamity, and as the woman gazes into the night with her thoughts far far from her abode, the voices of the singers in the revival meeting, which is being held in the "Valley church," a quarter of a mile below the valley come to her faint at first, yet growing stronger, until the tune of the hymn can be distinctly heard. The woman bends forward in an attitude of listening, and presently finds herself singing in unison:

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying
Snatch them from sin and the grave,
Weep o'er the erring ones, lift up the falling,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save."

At the conclusion a sob breaks from the throat of the woman—a sob not, however, of weakness that is an expiation of a sinful past. But a sob rather that contains the very essence of joy, of peace and of thankfulness. The night is a time of holiness, and as the woman turns to enter the humble abode appearances would indicate the pale moonlight falls about her and casts upon her in the light of a benediction.

A few moments later, as she sits watching the face of her sleeping babe, there comes to her ears the sound of footsteps, and even before she arises and crosses the room to the door and opens it, expecting to admit her old nurse and friend, she has already trembled with her changed life and changed circumstances. The good soul, when trouble came and darkened the bright young life of her mistress, had firmly refused to leave her, and in the dead of night, when the poor penitent was in the act of fleeing to hide her shame, had firmly taken her place alongside of and meekly followed the servant no more, but friend in every sense that the word implies. It is the days that followed, in the outbreak of a fatherly agony, it was upon this motherly breast that had been wept out the fountain of tears; it was this kindly voice and hands that had comforted the burning soul and the suffering body, and it was this ministering angel that had pointed the erring girl to the divine love that ceaseth not nor groweth cold. On this particular evening, Mrs. Blackmore had gone to the village, a few miles distant, to purchase the necessities of life and to get needed supplies for the sturdy youngster. Roger, who was now to be put in "short dresses." It was early for her return, as she was not expected home until the close of the meeting in the valley below. Mrs. Blackmore was a goodly soul, and had been faithful in her attendance at the revival meeting that had been going on for a week past.

But in place of the familiar form of the old woman which she expects to admit into the humble dwelling, the young woman is confronted by a man. He is advancing steadily up the steep path, and when within but a few yards of the door stops and raises his head so that the pale moonlight, the dancing flames in the pale moonlight, the figure of the woman framed in the doorway, the moonlight falling all about her and the blazing fireplace in the background, grace instantly and the full-fledged name and clench each side of the doorway. The man for an instant stands gazing at the picture, then with an impassioned cry the arms are stretched forth suppliantly and a name escapes his lips:

"Evelyn!"

The face of the woman grows stern and

"Evelyn!" Once more the cry breaks from his lips.

cold, yet before she replies to her name there is a searching look to the sky overhead, as though imploring the divine presence. Then, "Ah, Cecil Northwood, it is you? And tell me, pray, to what am I indebted for this untimely visit? Why do you leave your haunts among the world's men to seek me, one whom you have brought to the utmost depths of dishonor and despair?"

"Woe, Evelyn, darling, need you ask? Are not these arms outstretched to you, imploring you to come to them? Ah, come back to my heart, darling; come—"

"Stop!"

The woman's voice rings out as clear as a bell. The tone expresses surprise, indignation, grief—a blending of all, and her pale face grows whiter and the lines about her mouth become firmer. "Stop, Cecil Northwood—not one word more! Go from my presence at once, before I call upon God and his pitying angels to destroy you where you stand—before I call down curses upon you and your treachery. I—"

"Evelyn!" Once more the cry breaks from his lips, and he advances to the doorway and falls upon his knees at the woman's feet. "Oh, Evelyn, hear me, ere it be forever too late. I come to you imploring forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you! For the sake of the great love you once bore me—for the sake of the nameless babe that lies in the crib yonder, forgive!"

The face of the woman changes for an instant. An expression of anguished longing gleams in her eyes, but it is as quickly gone, and she budges not an inch from her position in the doorway, except that with one white hand she draws her skirt closely about her, the movement implying that she fears for even the hem of her garment to come into contact with this man.

"Stop!" she commands once again, and something in her voice ends the rush of imploring words that are breaking from this man. "Speak! Do you thinking humiliation, Cecil Northwood. Oh, you do well to call upon the love I once bore for you. You do well to recall to my mind my innocent babe, sleeping in happy ignorance of the presence of his ignoble father. I thank my God that in his innocent ignorance he cannot gaze upon your face with any but his baby eyes."

"Oh, Evelyn, spare me! You forget—"

"Forget! And do you think that I can ever forget? Do you think I can banish for a single blissful instant all the horror, all the shame of the past? Oh, do you think that I can forget my uncle's happy home, my meeting with you, your wooing of my trusting young heart, your vows of love? Do you imagine that I can forget the serpent who entered Eden and darkened all the life of a trusting Eve? Then the world was young to me then, the birds singing in the trees, the bright butterflies flitting in the sunshine had no more sin than had I. And to be plunged into the deepest degradation, the most terrible shame that falls to the lot of woman! Forget! I would to God that I could forget! That I could blot in blinding tears all that I have ever felt of happiness! I would have lost all my despair in speaking through your treachery and deceit. I would have the cowering head unbashed. Pleading up from the valley below again comes the voices of the singers, blended in one triumphant chorus:

"I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,
With Jesus, my savior, I'm the child of a King."

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a sense of deepest purity of affection, accentuated me, and with the help of a Divine Father, I hope to make him happy, say, I pray for happiness and peace and rest from the world and its bitter strife. We will be married in June. Then—then we will leave here forever, in a far distant country to dwell in holy bonds. I shall not falter nor fail. My little one will be cared for. The money that comes to me regularly from my aunt's estate will keep us in plenty and will enable my husband to complete his education for the ministry, and will also enable us to give freely to charity and to do good as we go on in life. Out of the wreck of my youth I hope to build a future that will inspire women, that will wipe out the error of the past and that will justify me in the sight of the God whom I in my feeble way am trying to serve. And while I remember all of His goodness to me in giving me peace and hope, I want to say farewell to you forever, Cecil Northwood. I will try to forgive the great wrong you did to my innocent youth and I pray that God may forgive you to a sense of your unworthiness and that he will forgive you freely as I do, and that you may find this peace and rest that has entered my soul. This is my farewell."

When the man, bowed in humble silence, raised his eyes, the door was gently closed, and he knew that the frail barrier was a protection stronger than iron. He sat there unsteadily to his feet, and with a last, long look of farewell at the closed door, turned and retraced his steps down the stony pathway. Shortly afterward he stood near one of the windows of the little white church, and, unseen by any moment he heard a benediction fall from the lips of the young preacher, who stood with arms outstretched. Then came a prayer, so closed, a look of sublime peace and thankfulness on his countenance. The prayer of the preacher was strong, manly, well knit; the dark brown hair clustered in heavy waves over a high forehead and about a shapely head. The features of the minister was plain, but neat, close-fitting, and his linen was of the purest whiteness. Near his side stood a lady with gray hair and a face of serene purity. Her head was bowed and she seemed engaged in silent prayer for the minister. The man on the outside had been the face before, and as he looked upon her now he felt inclined to wait until she had ceased and speak to her, but the temptation was lost in what the minister was saying. These were the words:

"And now may the peace of Christ, which passeth all understanding, rest and abide with you now and forever. Amen."

The man at the window turned away, a low sob breaking from his lips. A few moments later he had mounted his horse and was ready for the ride to the railway station, two and a half miles distant. Expelling the spur to his gray he turned in his saddle and directed his gaze to a light on the side of the mountain. It had been pointed out to him earlier in the evening as the light from her window. Raising his hand, as in parting, he said in a low, clear tone: "Oh, Evelyn; fairest of the fair, most noble and generous of women, may your path has fallen in pleasant places after the stormy time of youth. Your ministers will make you happy. You will soon forget, in the light of his presence and love, what I—hardened sinner that I am—must go back to the world and its wicked ways. I would have taken you to my home-land, would tried to make you happy, but now it is forever too late. Good-by, sweet woman, good-by; and may the God you adore forever bless and keep you both. For me there is remorse, never-ending remorse, and a love that burns my heart to the core! And to the days that were. Oh, for your love and trust once more! Doubly beautiful have your bitter trials left you, and double pain in remorse do I go forever out of your life!"

An instant later his horse plunged swiftly forward, the sound startles the revivalists who are homeward bound, and the hoof beats echo up the mountain until they reach the ears of a fair woman who holds in silent prayer by the bedside of her baby.

A BRITON LASS.

(Continued from page three.)

"Shame on ye!" she cried out in her passion. "Ye would no' let me ha' him living—will ye no' let me ha' him dead?"

"Margaret—Margaret," the other said simply and sadly. "Ye wrong me—indeed ye wrong me. As for him—one smile from you were worth a thousand such as me. Forgive me, Margaret, if I was foolish in vanity which was to blame—forgive me, Margaret, as he would have forgiven you."

And there, with the dead man lying between them, the two women clasped each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes, both seeking forgiveness and both receiving it.

The Latest in Veils.

Here is a unique and astonishing manner of wearing veils which has been introduced repeatedly recently in England:

Two veils are worn at the same time, one over the upper portion of the face and the other over the lower, and it has a very peculiar and piquant appearance.

The girls call it wearing the veils a la Turkish, and it is indeed similar, in addition to the manner in which oriental beauties swathe their faces, the only difference being that the English wearer does not hide hers.

This is how they are adjusted: One veil extends from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose and there it ends. The second veil starts from the underlip and goes to below the chin, and there is usually a great art in the pinning of it so as to insure its keeping in place.

There is no doubt that the girls have been cutting a novel figure in their veils, especially the pretty ones, and many are the suggestions and theories put forward by those who do not wear them.

When attempting to climb the ladder of fame, be sure that its top rests on something solid. Don't try to climb up into air.

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

The lion yawned in sleepy way:
"I don't think I'll go out today,"

Then sighed the lamb, "I guess I must.
Because they say it's March the first."

So out he bounced with spirited flip,
And then retired with a fancy skip.

The lion said he'd like to learn
Just how they took his partner's turn.

"'Twas not the bit I hoped to make—
I know they watched that stodgy,

"And I am sure they all were wroth
Because I brought them mutton broth."

The lion said, "Well, that's rare done.
The lion steak they get anon."

A DIVER'S ADVENTURES.

(From "The World's Rough Hand," by H. Phelps Whitmarsh, published by the Century Company. The adventures are true, not imaginative, and happened to the author while acting as a diver in the pearl fisheries off the West Australian coast.)

My first accident occurred before I had been diving three weeks. I had been working all the morning on a fairly good patch and in about ten fathoms of water. About mid-day I knocked my bag and preparing to take it up and get a breath of fresh air signalled to the tender, followed by the line, I gave the customary signal to ascend. The life-line hauled, I was lifted from my feet and, as the water was pretty clear, I watched the lighter water above. When I was within ten feet of the surface I felt what a sudden tightening under my left arm, and also around my body. The ascent was soon stopped. Before I realised that anything had happened I found myself in a bag which held the air-pipe under my arm, parted, and I was pulled back head downward. Instantly the blood in the head went into the legs, which swelled like two inflated bladders, and I felt my eyeballs bursting.

For the first few moments of my surprise and terror I kicked, struggled and yelled with all my might, and I had hung fast though the boys were pulling with might and main on the life-line round my waist, which I had secured to the bag and anchored to the bottom.

After I was in my self into a state of exhaustion and common sense, I reasoned that the cause of my detention was evident that the air-pipe was fast below. I began at once to act upon it. The boys understand that I wanted them to lower me. All my shakes and jerks, however, were ineffectual in the matter of freeing the line as taut as they were able, making a sign that I wished to ascend, and I was soon in haven. Luckily all my gear was in good order, and I was not long in getting down again. They had sense enough at last, however, to signal for help, and as I had hung fast betwixt the top and the bottom for about half an hour, my air-pipe was released by the time I reached it, was pulled up, thankful to get my feet down to their proper level again.

Had there been a strong tide or much wind at the time of the accident, the weight of the boat, which was practically anchored by the air-pipe, would have broken it, and the ending might have been different. The accident was caused by the careless way in which I threw instead of keeping the tubing tight, allowed it to drop on the bottom and got entangled in the bag of the ground.

At another time I got entangled below by my own carelessness, and then it was only my experience that saved me. This time there was a strong tide running, and I was perforce travelling round a circle with the tide. It could not lessen the speed of the boat, because the bottom was so encumbered with rocks that the anchor would not hold if lowered much, would catch and anchor me. Being a novice, I was not at the end of the moment my lines. Suddenly I was brought to a standstill, and that my life-line had hooked round a mass of sponge, and ran hurriedly back to clear it. Before I reached it, however, I was again checked by the tightening of the pipe, and, turning, I found that it too had hooked in a similar way. The tide was so swift that, although the boys were paying out on both lines with all speed, supposing that I was stopping to pick up shells, I was unable to get enough slack on either of them to move a foot.

Immediately I was in a fearful fix. In a minute or so the end of both pipe and lifeline would be reached; the whole weight of the tide-driven boat would come on them, and they would either part, or, as they were attached to my person, would drag my helmet from my shoulders. There was no time for hesitation, I must have nerve or die.

I saw that my only hope was to cut one or the other of my lines. But which? If I cut the life-line, my sure means of reaching the surface would be lost, tubing is not to be depended on to haul up a heavy diver, if, on the other hand, I cut the pipe, my supply of air would cease. I decided, however, to sacrifice the latter, and trust to there being enough air left in the dress to last me until I could reach the boat.

Instantly snatching at the life-line, I managed to jerk out a signal for more air. As it was answered by a rally on the group, I screwed up the escape valve to keep all the air possible in the dress, and slipping out my sheath-knife, I waited with a trembling hand for the next signal. Then came the wait was the most anxious moment of my life. My heart beat like a trip-hammer; sweat poured down my face in blinding streams, and I shook all over as with ague. To this day I shudder at the thought of it, and makes me breathe faster, for it is no light thing to be entombed alive at the bottom eighty feet of water. Tighter grew the lines and tighter still they gripped with tension. I imagined I felt myself being pulled apart; yet I delayed. I wanted more air in the dress.

At last I braced myself, hacked the stretching pipe in two, scrambled round the sponge mass where the life-line was caught, and ran toward the boat, signaling and crying, "Pull up! Pull up!" The signal was bravely answered, and I began to ascend. Before I reached the top, however, I lost consciousness. The boys told me afterward that I was black in the face from suffocation when they finally landed me on deck.

Dangers from sharks, octopi, and other fish are more imaginary than real; that is, so far as the dress-diver is concerned. Although native divers not infrequently fall victims to the tigers of the sea, I have never heard of a man in a dress being attacked. In spite of this knowledge, I cannot truthfully say that I ever saw a shark, even a little one, without being frightened. Often I have seen tail and run for dear life at the sight of a large fish which I fancied might be a shark; and I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when, for the first time, I found myself in close quarters with one of these monsters.

Before I saw anything, I felt, instinctively, a strange presence. This was brought about, doubtless, by the fact that the small fish, which are plentiful on good shelling ground, had all disappeared. The absence of these fluttering little companions, when one is accustomed to them, makes the bottom seem strangely silent. A sense of impending danger took possession of me. I looked apprehensively out of my goggles, and—terror-stricken. Within ten feet of me, half hidden by a mass of cobweb coralline, was the head of an immense shark. It appeared about twenty-five feet long, and though I have its size was greatly exaggerated by the face glass, the sight was sufficiently appalling. The creature evidently had not perceived me. Save for a slight trembling of its side-fins, it lay motionless.

My first thought was to give the signal to shorten line. However, have been under nature enough to want a thing as soon as they see it, I instantly rejected the idea, and, lest my bare hands should attract the creature's attention, prepared that sharks are supposed to have, I hid them behind me. Then I took stock of its head and the great fish and I were face to face. Not daring to move, I stood like an image, and the monster lay within a few feet of me on its cavernous mouth. I felt that the shark was examining me curiously, as though I were some new kind of fish. After a few moments it became restless, and by an almost imperceptible motion of its flexible tail began slowly approaching me. Nearer and nearer came the leviathan, the shovel-shaped nose pointing directly to my breast. Then it passed under me, and was plainly visible. Flesh and blood could stand no more, and I threw up my hands in my arms. Instantly there was a swirl of water, a cloud of mud, and my enemy vanished.

The Woman of It.

Postal Clerk—This letter is overweight. You will have to put another two cents' worth on it.

Woman—I think the government is just too mean for anything. I know I've mailed hundreds of letters for years, and never had a full weight, so I think the least you can do is to let this one go through.

Lacked the Implement.

The new bired girl was as green as spinach when it came to table manners, and asked her to make escalloped oysters for the dinner. The next time the girl brought the oysters on the plate.

"Why, Jane, I told you to scallop them!"

"Yes, ma'am; but Hi couldn't find the scalloper."

The Situation.

Some silly poet sets afloat
That little phrase:
The millionaire can only eat
One dinner a day.

But what of that? This fact exists.
What will he do with the rest?
The millionaire has cash saved up
For dinners till he's dead.

Delicate Distinctions.

"Do you think," said Mr. Orestes Van Ham, "this language of flowers is all that my life's cares?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, with the quiet superiority of a veteran. "But I doubt whether you will ever pay you half of what he promised you."

A Willing Subject.

She—Go 'way, dirty tramp; What do you want here?

The Tramp—Tought you might be one o' dem fresh air fiends, what's interested in studyin' wery intereatin' types.

Assortment.

Mrs. Brown—I was in the new drug store today, it's lovely.

Mrs. Jones—Yes?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, they have six different shades of pills.

No Data.

"What do you think of your new neighbors, Mrs. Chubbs?"

"I don't know; they haven't had a washing out yet. Some folks have moved in I was downtown and didn't get to see their furniture."

A Museum Tragedy.

"What became of the glass-eater who was here last year?"

"He died from trying a can of army beef and now he's dead."

Popular.

"Is Mrs. Price a desirable neighbor?"

"I should say so; every spring her relations in the country send her a barrel of new maple syrup."

Doesn't Trust Them Too Far.

"Haven't you any faith in men, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I have faith in them, but I never believe a word they say."

A Useful Variety.

"What is a patent lawyer?"

"He's a lawyer who gets people put in jail for inventing things."

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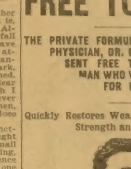

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The Dr.'s object of distributing this information free is to make it known to men how with the remedies that exert an influence upon the nerve centers, they can regain lost vigor. The formula is thoroughly explored and any sufferer will thus know what he should use in his particular case in order to get the desired results. Write today. There is no doubt about the reliability of the Doctor.

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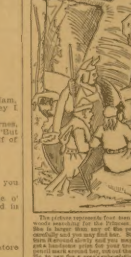
PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.



The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in the act of crossing a bridge. Which is the princess? The boy? No. She is larger than any of the persons in the picture. Search carefully and you will find her. She is not a man, for she has flowing drapery and she is not a horse, for she has human features. If you do not find her in one minute, look for her in two minutes. If you do not find her in two minutes, look for her in three minutes. If you do not find her in three minutes, look for her in four minutes. If you do not find her in four minutes, look for her in five minutes. If you do not find her in five minutes, look for her in six minutes. If you do not find her in six minutes, look for her in seven minutes. If you do not find her in seven minutes, look for her in eight minutes. If you do not find her in eight minutes, look for her in nine minutes. If you do not find her in nine minutes, look for her in ten minutes. If you do not find her in ten minutes, look for her in eleven minutes. If you do not find her in eleven minutes, look for her in twelve minutes. If you do not find her in twelve minutes, look for her in thirteen minutes. If you do not find her in thirteen minutes, look for her in fourteen minutes. If you do not find her in fourteen minutes, look for her in fifteen minutes. If you do not find her in fifteen minutes, look for her in sixteen minutes. If you do not find her in sixteen minutes, look for her in seventeen minutes. If you do not find her in seventeen minutes, look for her in eighteen minutes. If you do not find her in eighteen minutes, look for her in nineteen minutes. If you do not find her in nineteen minutes, look for her in twenty minutes. If you do not find her in twenty minutes, look for her in twenty-one minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-one minutes, look for her in twenty-two minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-two minutes, look for her in twenty-three minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-three minutes, look for her in twenty-four minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-four minutes, look for her in twenty-five minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-five minutes, look for her in twenty-six minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-six minutes, look for her in twenty-seven minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-seven minutes, look for her in twenty-eight minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-eight minutes, look for her in twenty-nine minutes. If you do not find her in twenty-nine minutes, look for her in thirty minutes. If you do not find her in thirty minutes, look for her in thirty-one minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-one minutes, look for her in thirty-two minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-two minutes, look for her in thirty-three minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-three minutes, look for her in thirty-four minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-four minutes, look for her in thirty-five minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-five minutes, look for her in thirty-six minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-six minutes, look for her in thirty-seven minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-seven minutes, look for her in thirty-eight minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-eight minutes, look for her in thirty-nine minutes. If you do not find her in thirty-nine minutes, look for her in forty minutes. If you do not find her in forty minutes, look for her in forty-one minutes. If you do not find her in forty-one minutes, look for her in forty-two minutes. If you do not find her in forty-two minutes, look for her in forty-three minutes. If you do not find her in forty-three minutes, look for her in forty-four minutes. If you do not find her in forty-four minutes, look for her in forty-five minutes. If you do not find her in forty-five minutes, look for her in forty-six minutes. 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If you do not find her in one hundred and four minutes, look for her in one hundred and five minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and five minutes, look for her in one hundred and six minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and six minutes, look for her in one hundred and seven minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and seven minutes, look for her in one hundred and eight minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and eight minutes, look for her in one hundred and nine minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and nine minutes, look for her in one hundred and ten minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and ten minutes, look for her in one hundred and eleven minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and eleven minutes, look for her in one hundred and twelve minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and twelve minutes, look for her in one hundred and thirteen minutes. 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If you do not find her in one hundred and eighty-six minutes, look for her in one hundred and eighty-seven minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and eighty-seven minutes, look for her in one hundred and eighty-eight minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and eighty-eight minutes, look for her in one hundred and eighty-nine minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and eighty-nine minutes, look for her in one hundred and ninety minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and ninety minutes, look for her in one hundred and ninety-one minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and ninety-one minutes, look for her in one hundred and ninety-two minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and ninety-two minutes, look for her in one hundred and ninety-three minutes. If you do not find her in one hundred and ninety-three minutes, look for her in one hundred and ninety-four minutes. 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BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Puzzle Dept., BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Agreeable Disappointment.

1. "I smell smoke!"

2. "Deuced lucky I've a fire escape!"

3. "Great blazes! I was on the first floor!"

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Dog.

"I've got a new dog," said little Gerald Toppleton, "and it's a very fine dog, too. It's a pure Blenheim spaniel."

"Pooh! that's nothing," answered little Freddie Smithwick, contemptuously. "Your dog is only one thing. Pa says my dog has the ears of a hound, the tail of a pointer, the coat of a black-and-tan and the feet of a St. Bernard; and you can just bet (warmly) that he has more fun in him than the whole crowd put together."

What He Wanted.

Mrs. Hornbeak (looking up from her newspaper)—Here is a patent medicine which is guaranteed to cure ye after everything else has failed.

Farmer Hornbeak—Hunt! What I want when I'm sick is a medicine that will cure me before I've tried everything else, an' not one that I have to put off a takin' till I have waded through the whole blamed mattery meddicky without getting relief.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. Free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, fancy initiation, and it is interfered with by no other boy or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 181 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Things.

Don't fret about the thing you lose;
Your indignation smother;
'Twill turn up, sure as shooting, when
You've gone and bought another.

So, too, those other things which we
Are sure to somewhere mislay,
Yet cannot find; when need is past
They'll easily be found.

Discovered by a Woman.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the doctors never fails to cure the piles from any cause. So confident am I that I can cure every peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address

MRS. C. B. KILBS, Box 78, Kokomo, Ind.

He Deserved It.

Tenderfoot—What has that man been doing? Stealing horses?

Native—Naw; we're too civilized to lynch people for stealing horses nowadays. That fellow thinks he can sing coon songs.

The Cashier's Mistake.

Bank President—Great joke on our cashier, Stockholder—What is it?

Bank President—He made a mistake and carried off the liabilities instead of the assets when he skipped to Canada.

Close Quarters.

"We are going to move."

"Too crowded?"

"Yes; our flat is so full there isn't room for a new coat of varnish on our furniture."

Greatness.

"What did you do in congress, pa.
That makes you strut with such an air?"
"Hush, hush, my son; I did a lot—
I occupied a chair."

Suburban Sport.

"Any fishing out your way yet?"

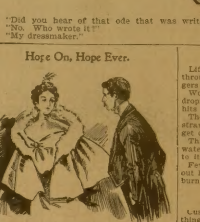
"Yes; every night as we go home we fish our rubbers out of the mud."

ONE KIND.

Customer—Have you any high-bred dogs?
Dealer—We have some very fine sky-terriers.

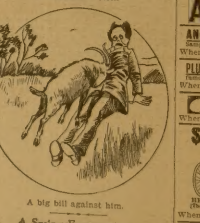
"Did you hear of that ode that was written for me?"
"No. Who wrote it?"
"My dressmaker."

Hope On, Hope Ever.



He (pleadingly)—At least you will let me hope.
She (softly)—Yes. I will always let you hope.

A Business Term.



A big bill against him.

A Spring Forewarning.

Dismal, with the soft brown eye
Fixed on yonder willow's sway,
Where new skirt waists you espy,
Hark to this wise word I say:

To your winter garb adhere,
Till you're sure cold weather's sped;
If you rush the season, 'tis clear,
Dismal, you'll be sick in bed.

Wasted Beauty.

Among the tantalizing gifts the lavish hand
Are moonlit nights which come along before
It's safe to court outdoors.

Just as Economical.

"Would you call Uncle Amos a stingy man?"

"No. I should say he had all his generous impulses under perfect control."

High Lights.

Life is a bureau drawer which sticks, and through a crack we helplessly thrust our fingers at the things we would like to reach.

Woman can't throw a bone, but when she drops a flower pot out of a window she always hits somebody.

The ideal woman is one whose preserved strawberries hold out until fresh strawberries get cheap.

Three-fourths of the bread cast upon the waters returns because it has a string tied to it.

Few women can sit through a sermon without hoping that the cook won't let the dinner burn.

He Explains His Object.

Customer—I want to get a dog collar; something handsome and showy.

Dealer—Will this one do?

Customer—No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog, and I'd like to get some one to steal it.

AGENTS WANTED

ANGELS WHISPER Beautiful large picture; colored. Sells quick at 10c. Catalog free. Credit to Ship. Chicago Art Co., 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PLUMER'S PLAN WINS Agents make big money selling our Specialties. Write for terms. PLUMER PROPRIETARY CO., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. COLTER-OPTICAL CO. Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES
Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.
'98 Stand-ard and '97 Models $15 to $20. Many '99 Models $15.50 to $20. Some Higher. We guarantee same as many higher priced wheels. Learn prices ever quoted. Send for our free bicycle catalogue, sundries and agents' terms. Ready to ship. A few good AGENTS WANTED for you (never mind where you live). Write us.
BROWN-LEWIS CO., 127-129 Wabash Ave., Chicago. (The above Co. is reliable; they want a bargain.—Editor.)
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WAR PICTURES 12 CENTS EACH
DESTRUCTION OF SPANISH FLEET.
SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.
DOMINATION OF SAN JUAN.
BATTLE OF MANILA.
Beautifully colored lithographs. Will sell fast at 50c. each. Samples only 10c., or entire lot for 40c. Agents wanted. A. Eno, 613 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A NEW PROPOSITION:
WHEELS Built to Order **$12**
Send for Illustrated catalogue with the lowest price and best terms ever quoted. Send for Illustrated catalogue with the lowest PRICES EVER QUOTED on FRAMES and all standard makes of bicycles. Agents Wanted. Write today. Largest Prize—Manufacturers' Agents Wanted. Write today. RALPH TEMPLE CO., 174 Lake St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DINNER SET FREE!
For selling 36 packages of Salvona Soaps and Perfumes at 25c. per box. Silver Spoons, Sewing Machine, Furniture, Sporting Goods, Jewelry and many other valuable premiums for selling our Soaps and Perfumes. If you are easy to earn an elegant Dinner Set,

Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER VI.

OTHER DISCOVERIES.

The news of Chris' trips to America and of the exploits of Amerigo Vespucci while hunting Chris so spread all over Europe, at first it was generally regarded as a newspaper fake, but when it was observed that Spain was fitting out on expedition every other day, England, France, Portugal and Holland concluded it was time for them to get in their hooks.

England was first in the field, most likely because of the fact that the very "grass" is English in derivation and aplication. The other nations were delayed until they could domesticate the word of four letters, yet when they got started they made things hum.

Henry VII. of England fitted out an expedition and sent John Cabot west to advertise England by nailing the English flag to every tree along the eastern coast of the new country. He was instructed to claim everything for England, and, if necessary, they would fight for it at some later day.

John and his crew left the Cape Columbus, and in due time he was shivering among the icebergs of Labrador. He perceived that the crew would drink all the hot toddy in the steward's possession if they remained there, so he followed the coast south to Newport, R. I., absolutely refusing a drop at Boston. He wept a few tears over Lief Erickson's bones, and after making a few marks on a alligator pear, to cover memorandum book, sailed on past Staten Island down to Cape Hatteras. Being pretty well pleased with the country he said, "I'll take it all." Then he sailed back to England.

John was a typical English tourist. He thought he could see the whole country from the deck of his ship, just as the average Englishman of today thinks he can see and thoroughly understand all about the United States and its institutions in a six day trip across the continent. Although commander of the expedition and entitled to dress in blue and red and have all kinds of gold lace tacked onto his clothes, John dressed just like the "Yellow Commissionist" of today. For this reason it is rather superfluous for me to say that he gloried in the possession of a broad-checked ulster, plaid trousers (turned up three rolls at the bottom) dinky cap and a hob-nailed shoe.

Henry Seven Times was immensely pleased with John's report for when he learned that John had taken the whole country in the name of England he immediately called him a good fellow and asked him out to have a drink.

John commenced to write a book describing his travels, but Death snatched him away before he could finish the book. I hope you will not censure me as cruel when I remark that Death seems to be shirking his duty of late; inasmuch as the British crop of "My Opinion of the United States," is unusually large this year.

John had a son named Sebastian, who accompanied him on his voyage. Sebastian was a chip off the old block, and being lazy, rather liked the ease with which attended the discovery business. When his father died Sebastian found he would have to go to work, so he hit Henry VII. for a fleet to go discovering. Henry said "no," and stuck to it until Sebastian remarked that John had neglected to nail the flag in several remote places in and about Passamaquody bay and New York harbor. Then Sebastian got the fleet. He followed the route his father had sailed, planting a few flags and killing a few Indians as he went along.

When he returned to England Henry VII. was dead and that let a war holding down the throne. Henry VIII. didn't care anything about America, he was too busy marrying and getting rid of his wives. The Oklahoma plan was not then in vogue, so he had to kill them or change his religion. During his reign the discovery business fell to a very low ebb, and it was not until Queen Lizzie had the throne altered to fit her build that the discovery mill again ran at full time.

Meanwhile, the French had been doing business along the eastern shore of the new continent. Francis I. started John Verrazanni out to look for a short cut to the location just opened. John discovered the mouth of the Hudson river and sailed up the country as far south as New York. He went home, got married, and another man was sent out. He took up the flag-planting industry and kept at it until a line of French flags ran from the St. Lawrence to Florida. Wherever they found an English flag they promptly voted it a nuisance, tore it down and substituted their own.

The Spanish were hanging away on new ships all this time and numerous expeditions were sent out to establish the red and yellow flag along the coast.

Now we had England, France and Spain, separately and collectively, claimed the entire country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is to be feared they should come together to some extent. An English colony would go somewhere along, and themselves, anybody who has been reading the papers for the last year can shut his eyes and guess what the Spaniards would do to the Frenchmen.

These international courtesies were not confined alone to the settlements. If vessels met at sea the larger fleet always managed to induce the smaller to accompany it. Staid, religious men who had never done a wrong act in their lives would start out to help settle America, but before they reached their destination they would encounter something that seemed so easy that they usually decided it would be a sin to pass it up.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the Englishmen who tried to settle this country. One day he was going along the sweet Mr. London and he came to a mudhole in the road. The mudhole was similar to London, but that doesn't bother Englishmen. They are used to it. A mud hole in the street is different. Just at the edge of the mud Raleigh discovered Bill Shakespeare and Queen Lizzie. They had been to a matinee and the queen was togged up in her neatest clothes. Naturally, she was afraid of getting them soiled if she attempted to wade the mud.

Bill suggested that being angel she should fly over. That remark made a hit with her, but it didn't help her over the mud. Walt saw his chance to get solid with the queen, and, shedding his overcoat, he spread it out in the ditch for her to tread upon.

"Say, did you ever do something for a girl that she wanted done, yet didn't think anybody would do? Well, if you are such a mortal you can guess to what realms of bliss Walt and Lizzie soared. Bill with his poetic phrases was all right in the parlor, but the boy who made the lasting hit with Liz was little Walter with his practical scheme.

Before this Walt had been clerking in a shoe store at five per, and he sometimes found it required close figuring to eat consecutively three times a day from one pay day to another. Now his future was assured; he could put his clothes in Liz's trunk and hang his shoes on the hatrack in the hall. Bill Shakespeare, Ben Johnson and several other fellows got sore at Walt for cutting them out and they planned to make him trouble. Walt learned of this and got scared. He was foolish, just at that stage of the game Liz would have ordered them beheaded if Walt had asked it, but he reasoned that he had done pretty well for a shoe clerk, and figured he could let sage be as he asked too much, decided to get out of the way. Accordingly he asked the queen to fit up an expedition to settle America. By this means he hoped to be a king himself and at the same time escape his enemies.

He got the fleet and started with a large colony of people to America. They landed just north of the Jones river and named the country Virginia, in honor of the said the name of the colony was mud, whereupon Walt was made governor, and they shipped. He and one boat's crew were all that escaped. Returning to England he told Walt about a warrant for his arrest waiting him. Lizzie had eaten too many green apples

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PHASES OF THE TRUST MOVEMENT.

A recent political convention adopted a resolution declaring its belief that the greatest menace at the present time to American civilization and to the industries and political liberties of the people consists in the growing tendency to place the business of the country in the hands of combinations and trusts."

This tendency has of late been so marked as to arrest greater and greater attention and even those who have been wont to express optimistic views on the subject have been led to wonder if there were not greater dangers ahead to our republican institutions than they had been willing to believe.

Every day the dispatches tell of new movements toward consolidation in some manner or less important importance. From cot to sugar and from bicycles to pumpkins, from crackers to sardines and from troughs to canned vegetables the story is the same one of consolidation and combination, freezing out of small concerns, elimination of competition, control of output and consequently of prices.

Recent dispatches told of increases in the price of steel as an outcome of its control by a trust and how this in turn led to the formation of a trust by the plow manufacturing interests. A stock company recapitalized at $60,000,000 will shortly be organized to include the plough manufacturers of the country who will have no alternative in merging with the trust, for the company will be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, the great trust state. A sardine trust to include 75 per cent of the packers of the country went into effect the middle of April. At Geneva, N. Y., it is announced that the preserving company of that place will enter the canning combine which will embrace nearly all the fruit and vegetable packing interests of the country. Much has been said about the recently organized International Steam Pump combine which will have a capital of nearly $30,000,000.

One might extend the list indefinitely. It is an open question if the trusts have not already become stronger than the government itself. The people will have to arouse themselves soon or liberty and justice will become things of the past.

How many men there are who think they could become famous by being "untrue to themselves," as they please to call it; and how many think they might become rich were they to forego their "independence."

What we call a man's personality is often no more than the present fear which he inspires.

SECOND SEVENTY-SEVEN.

BY F. H. SPEARMAN.

It is a bad grade yet. But before the new work was done on the river division, Beverly Hill was a popular nickname.

On rainy Sundays old switchmen in the Zanesville yards still tell in their shanties of the night the Blackwood bridge went out and Kennedy's mixed train got away on the hills with the Denver flyer caught at the foot like a rat in a trap.

Ben Buckley was only a big boy then, braking on freights; I was despatching under Alex Campbell on the west end. Ben was a tall, loose-jointed fellow, but gentle as a kitten; legs as long as pinch-bars, yet none too long for running the Beverly switch that night. His run-mate in those days was Felix Kennedy. Felix was the youngest engineer on the line. The first time I ever saw them together, Felix, short and chubby as a duck, was dancing around, half-dressed, in the door of the bath house, trying to get away from Ben below, who had the fire-hose, playing on him with a two-inch stream of ice water. They were up to some trick, a prank all the time.

June was usually a rush month with us. From the coast, we caught the new crop Japan silks. From the Pacific slope and California still sent her fruits, and Colorado was beginning early peaches and beans. Wyoming sends sheep, and from Oregon steers; and all these not merely in car-loads, but trains. Sometimes we were swamped. The overland traffic above was sometimes heavy enough on top of it came a great movement of grain from Nebraska and Minnesota. To crown our troubles a rate war sprang up. Every man, woman and child east of the Mississippi appeared to have but one object in life—that was to ship to California, and go over our road. The passenger traffic burdened our resources to the last degree.

I was putting on new men every day then. We were short. Braking on freights; usually they work for years at that before they get promoted. Even a train-dispatcher is short on crews he must have them, and he must have them in a hurry. Ben Buckley had not been braking three months when I called him up and asked him if he wanted a train.

"Now, every brakeman wants a train, just as every baby wants the matches, and every girl wants the grown man, and every girl a beau—but it is not always safe to humor them; so I was just wondering if you, Ben, would answer."

"Yes, sir, I'd like one first rate. But you know I haven't been braking very long, Mr. Reed," said he, frankly.

"I've seen how you been in the train service, sir."

"We have to cultivate a severe, formal way of talking to railroad men at least when on duty, you know. Ben answered briefly; though I knew perfectly well, without the looking, that a broad grin had been long it was.

"Three months, Mr. Reed."

It was right to a day.

"I'll probably have to send you out on Seventy-seven this afternoon." I saw him stiffen like a ramrod. You know we're only double-tracked."

"Yes, sir; thank you, Reed."

But his "thank you" was so pleasant I couldn't altogether ignore it; so I compromised with a smile. Perfect courtesy, not in the hands of the awkwardest boy that ever wore jumper and jeans, is surprisingly handy thing to disarm gruff people with. So I was understood to say that Ben's legs were too short, his trousers decidedly cut on the bias, his feet, too, turned away with the conviction that in spite of his gawkiness there was something to the boy that night proved it.

When the flyer pulled in from the west in the afternoon it carried two extra cars and in all, eight Pullmans, and every one of them loaded to the vestibules. While the train was changing engines and crews, the excursionists swarmed out of the hot cars to walk up and down the platforms. They were from New York, and had a band with them—as jolly a crowd as we ever hauled—and I noticed many boys and girls sprinkled among the grown people.

As the heavy train pulled slowly out the band played, the women waved handkerchiefs, and the boys shouted themselves hoarse—it was like a holiday, everybody seemed so happy. All I hoped, as I saw the smoke of the engine turn to dust on the horizon, was that I could get them over my division and them safe off my hands. For a week we had had heavy rains, and the bridges and track gave us a great deal of worry.

Half an hour after the flyer left, Seventy-seven, the fast stock-freight, wound like a great snake around the bluff, after it. Ben Buckley, tall and straight as a pine, stood on the caboose. It was his first train, and he looked as if he felt it.

In the evening, after a spell of heavy rains east of us, and after Seventy-seven reported "out" at Furner Junction and passed over the divide towards Beverly, it was storming hard all along the line. By the time they reached the hill Ben had his men out setting brakes. Though I knew that kind of a night when the big engine struck the bluff the heavy train was held in hand, and it rolled down the long grade as gently as a curtain.

There was one most awful half-way down the hill they exploded torpedoes. Through the driving rain the red lights of the flyer were presently seen. Pulling carefully ahead, Ben made his way through the pass and rain to the front and found the passenger train stalled. Just ahead was blackwood creek, built rail, and the bridge swinging like a grape vine over the swollen stream.

At the foot of Beverly Hill there is a siding; a long one, and used as a sort of cut-off to the upper Zanesville yards. This side track parallels the main track for half a mile, and this night Ben, as soon as he saw the situation, drew in with his train so that his pusher, the passenger train, and left the main line clear behind. It then became the duty of Felix, who was in the rear, where the second section of the stock-train was, to flag the rear.

It was pouring rain and as dark as a pocket. He started back with a dozen torpedoes to back up the run with the full warm the second section well up the hill. Ben, standing on the rear platform of the caboose, he got under the lee of the hind Pullman and sheltered his head from the driving storm.

The storm increased in violence. It was not the rain driving in torrents, not the lightning flash in deafening crashes, that worried him, but the wind—it blew a gale. In the blare of the lightning he could see the big trees around the bluffs whip like willows in the storm. It swept quarters of a mile in width. Now and then would tear the ties from under the steel. Suddenly he saw up in the black sky, a star blazing; it was the head-light of Second-seventy-seven.

A whistle cut the wind; then another. It was the signal for brakes; the second section was coming on the wrong track. He wondered how far back his man had got with the signals, as he vaguely thought he saw a yellow flash below the head-light; it was the Beverly bridge. The second section was already well down the top of the hill. Could they hold it to the bottom?

Like an answer came shorter and sharper whistles for brakes. Ben thought he knew who was on that engine; thought he knew that whistle—for engineers whistle differently, as much so as they talk differently and believed—knowing who was on the engine—that Felix would hold that train heavy load—but he feared—

Then he remembered the flyer man passed him. Ben shouted and held up his lantern: It was his old friend Kennedy.

"Who's pulling Second Seventy-seven?" he cried.

"Felix Kennedy."

"How many air cars has he got?"

"Six or seven," shouted back. "It's the wind, Foley—the wind. Felix can hold her all right. But the wind. Did you ever see such a blow?"

Even as he spoke the cry for brakes came a third time on the storm.

A frightened Pullman porter opened the door behind Ben. Beyond, in the lighted people in the excursion train, unconscious of the danger, were moving down the aisles.

The conductor of the flyer ran up to Ben in the rain.

"Buckley, they'll telescope us, I'm afraid."

"Where's the second any?"

"The bridge is out."

"Then cut your passengers," said Ben's brakeman.

"There's no time," cried the passenger conductor. "Seventy-seven is on us!" his panic-stricken. The porter tried to speak. Ben saw the brakeman's mouth open, but no voice died in his throat; fear paralyzed him.

Then he heard Frank Kennedy's whistle clamoring now in alarm. It was the worst, and Ben knew it. The stock train was flying at speed.

There were plenty of things to do if there was only time; but there was barely time to think. The passenger crew were running about like men distracted, trying to get the sleeping travelers out. Ben knew that he could not possibly reach a tenth of them in the short time before the crash. In that moment, an inspiration, like a flash from heaven, came to him.

He seized his brakeman by the shoulder. For two years they had travelled the marks of his hand.

"Foley," he shouted, in a voice like a pistol crack, "get those two stockmen out of our caboose. Quick, man! I'm going to throw Kennedy into the cattle."

He said it with an oath, I shall not repeat it here, though a railroad man who never swore but at such a moment might be forgiven. It was a chance—single, desperate, but yet a chance—the only chance that offered to save the helpless passengers

(Continued on page eleven.)

THE WEALTH OF LOVE.

I dreamed of wealth and splendor
In castles over the sea,
But still a sweet voice whispered:
"Love is enough for me."

"O what are daisied meadows,
Where lowly lives must be?
But evermore that music:
"Love is enough for me!"

O hearts in true and tender!
Whatever shall befall
Or poverty, or splendor,
Love is enough for all!

Women Are Learning to Talk.

"Society women" (poor, threadbare phrase!) are learning to talk. Formerly all girls were supposed to take lessons in singing regardless of whether they had singing voices or not. Now, so much stress has been laid for so long upon the prevalence of unpleasant speaking voices among American women, girls and women are beginning to pay attention to the long neglected speaking voice, leaving singing lessons for those of marked singing talent.

A lady who has a large number of pupils in voice culture for talk's sake, not singing, says:

"Our women are clever. Many of them are entertaining. A few of them can talk well. The fact is, American women usually talk too much. They are vivacious and versatile and used to attention, and they impose on their hapless male and female dom good listeners, and they say so much that what they say loses weight. I lived in Europe for years, and had excellent opportunities for studying national characteristics in conversation. The women of intelligence seem to understand the art of conversation better than we do. I see here the salons were possible in France. After the French Revolution, when women were the most entertaining in Europe, and I found the Danish women very interesting, but this is due chiefly to the quality of their minds, while the French woman's conversational charm is largely a matter of skill, and may be acquired.—The Gentlewoman.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"What can I do for you, my good man?" inquired Alexander the Great, as he paused before the tub in which Diogenes dwelled.

"You might give me a job, Your Majesty," replied the philosopher, "but I'm afraid you'd easy one that will last a lifetime."

"Very well, said the King; I will give you some detective work."

This explains how it happened that Diogenes could be seen prowling about the streets with a lantern in broad daylight, and also why he never found the honest man he was looking for.

The Dark Secret.

"It's not dark enough yet," she whispered as she peered eagerly up and down the street.

"There's no one in sight," he replied, after a hasty glance.

"But some one may come round that corner at any minute, and discover us. I'm afraid to wait to die.

"Well, then, we'll wait a bit."

"I'm dreadful tired of these two contemplate doing!"

He was about to give her her first lesson in riding a bicycle.

How She Is Consoled.

A woman is easily consoled at being left behind when her husband goes on pleasure trips if she sends the usual number of postcards at which he stops, marking the windows to show which is his room.

Caught Red-Handed.

"How is your wife getting along in her cooking since she took a course in cookery?"

"Doing the best she can. She reported the butcher the first week for what she had taught him killing pigs. But she'll learn."

Ph. D.

A maid of high degree
Is she—
Ph. D.
You see,
For she can men flee,
Saying, "Gee!"

Sincere Sorrow.

"Do you believe Cholly was really so cut up over being jilted as he represented?"

"Yes, I do. He actually neglected to crease his trousers for a week."

Know the Way.

Blink—The trouble with a man is one needs a guide to get him through life.

Wink—Not at all. The trouble is one's always afraid to do it.

Usually the Case.

"Do you like popular songs?"

"No," answered the perfectly candid man; "not when anybody except myself sings or whistles them."

The Suburbanite's Calendar.

"Well, the rigors of winter are over."

"Yes, and spring is here. I've already changed one shirt waist pattern for my wife five times."

The more delicate the vase, the slighter the jar required to break it.

Second Seventy-Seven.

(Continued from page ten.)

in his charge, for are not the passengers the charge of every loyal trainman?

If he could reach the siding switch ahead of the runaway train, he could throw the deadly catapult on the siding and into his own train, and so save the unconscious travelers. Before the words were out of his mouth he started up the track at topmost speed.

The angry wind staggered him. It blew out his lantern, but he flung it away, for he could throw the switch in the dark. A sharp gust half tore his rain-coat from his back; ripping off the rest, he ran on. When the wind took his breath he turned his back and tugged for another. Blinding sheets of rain poured on him; water streaming down the track caught his feet; a shivered rail tripped him, and, falling headlong, the sharp ballast cut his wrists and knees like broken glass. In desperate haste he dashed ahead again; the head-light loomed before him like a mountain of flame. There was but little enough now through the sheets of rain that swept down on him, and there ahead, the train almost on it, was the switch.

Would he make it?

A cry from the sleeping children behind rose in his heart. Another breath, an instant floundering, a slipping leap, and he had it. He pushed the key into the lock, threw the switch and snapped it, and, to make deadly sure, brac t himself against

The bar in his hand rattled as if it would jump from the socket.

the target-rod. Then he looked.

No whistling now; it was past that. He knew the fireman would have jumped. Kennedy, too? No, not Felix, not if the pit yawned in front of his pilot.

He saw streams of fire flying from many windows; he felt the glare of a dazzling flame, and the rending crash of the monster into the switch. The bar in his hand rattled as if it would jump from the socket, and thrilling frightfully, the monster took the other track of lightning in its rear.

It is shot past, and he saw Kennedy leaning from the cab window, face of stone, eyes riveted on the ghastly drivers, that flew backward backward.

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It is shot past, and he saw Kennedy leaning from the cab window, face of stone, eyes riveted on the ghastly drivers, that flew backward backward.

Jennings jumped. Ben, useless as he knew it was, ran to the window. "Felix, Felix, come!" What man escape from that?

Now, two, three, four cars pounded over the gulch, and then many more together, then running dizzily for life to the right, then amid the roar of the storm and horrid screech of the splintering cars, a crash, a crash, with the harsh scrape of escaping steam, the shrieks of the wounded and dying.

Although through the dreadful dark and the fury of the gale he could hear the ravine and the heavens poured a flood.

Trembling from excitement and exhaustion, then he turned down the main track. A man with a lantern ran against him; it was the fireman who had been back with the torpedoes; he was crying hysterically.

They stumbled over a body; seizing the lantern, Ben turned the prostrate man over and wiped the mud from his face. Then he held the lantern close, and gave a great cry. It was Felix Kennedy—unconscious, true, but soon very much alive, and no worse than badly bruised. How the good God then watched over brave engineers had taught him out from the horrible wreck-ruin by He knows. But there Felix lay, with a lighter heart Ben headed a wrecking crew to begin the task of ... ing for any who might by fatal ... have been caught in the crash.

And while the trainmen of the freights worked at the wreck the passenger train was backed slowly—so slowly and so smoothly—switch and road, over the hill and past, and so to Turner Junction, and around by Oxford to Zanesville.

When the sun rose the earth glowed in the freshness of its June shower-bath. The flyer, now many miles from Beverly Hill, was speeding on towards Omaha, and mothers waking their little ones in the berths, told them how close death had passed while they slept. The little girls did not quite understand it, though they cried very hard, and were very grateful to That Man, whom they never saw, and whom they would never see. But the little boys—never mind the little boys—they understood it, to the youngest urchin on the train, and fifty times their papas had to tell them how for Ben and how fast to save their lives. And one little boy—I wish I knew his name! If I did, I would write death had passed while they slept. The little girls did not quite understand it, though they cried very hard, and were very grateful to That Man, whom they never saw, and whom they would never see. But the little boys—never mind the little boys—they understood it, to the youngest urchin on the train, and fifty times their papas had to tell them how for Ben and how fast to save their lives. And one little boy—I wish I knew his name! If I did, I would write down here—went with his papa to the depot-master at Omaha when the flyer stopped, and gave him his toy watch, and asked him to please give it to That Man who had saved his papa's life by running so far in the rain, and to please tell him how much obliged he was—if he would be so kind.

So the little toy watch came to our superintendent, and soon to me; and I, sitting in Kennedy's bed-side, talking the wreck over with Ben, gave it to him; and the big fellow looked as pleased as if it had been a jewelled chronometer, indeed, that was the only medal Ben got.

The truth is we had no gold medals to distribute out on the western division in those days. We gave Ben the best we had, and that was a passenger run. But he got great fellow among the railroad men. And on stormy nights switchmen in the yards, in their shanties, still tell of that night, that storm, and how Ben Barkley found Seventy-Seven at the foot of Beverly Hill.—Harper's Round Table.

Suicide of a Canary.

George Marth of Carmel, N. Y., owned a canary committed suicide the other day. The bird was valuable and he thought the world of it. A short time ago its mate died from old age and ever after that the little songster appeared to be greatly affected strangely. On the day of the bird's death Mrs. Martin gave him a bath in a tub in which it daily took a bath. Instead of doing so, and while its mistress was out of the room, the bird buried its head beneath the water and drowned.

Beggars Wanted.

A paper for beggars only was started in Paris recently. Here is a sample of its advertisements:

"A wealthy lady has occurred for a blind man who can play the violin. Collections good. Small premium required.

Wanted at once, for seaside resort, a pair of helpless cripples. Good business. Reference given and required; also a moderate premium."

A Pennsylvania mine-owner says there will be no anthracite coal after 2960. After that what will the trust do?

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER

Specially to That Great Army of Sexually Weak Men Who Have Been Hoodwinked and Defrauded by the Worse Than Infamous Mountebanks Who Disgrace the Medicine Business.

Mr. Geo. S. Beck, Proprietor of "Wonder Workers," the Greatest and Best Remedy for All Kinds of Sexual Weakness That the World Has Ever Known, Throws Another Bomb into the Camp of the Sharks Who Prey Upon the Fears of Weak Men, and Offers Their Victims the Benefit of His Great Remedy at Cost.

Dear Brothers.—You have no doubt noticed the manner in which I have been exposing the frauds, blackmailers, schemers, impostors, fakirs, mountebanks and humbugs who have been perpetrating their infamous outrages on the poor fellows who suffer from the effects of youthful indiscretions or the excesses of [illegible] ... and I have taken pleasure in exposing their loathsome methods; but you have asked me what success I have had in getting from their Spanish-fly and phosphonoiodide-of-strychnine pills results as well men strong, sturdy, sick men sicker, may wonder why these wretches are operating under the guise of humanity. His have never succeeded in restraining me from writing about them and calling attention to their methods. You will find the reason for their quaking cowardice in the fact that every time I have written about [illegible] ... is the plain, honest, unvarnished truth and they know it.

Yes I write from my personal experience with them, for when I was a young man, weak and backed in that vitality without which a person is [illegible] man only in name, that I, too, fell a victim to their [illegible] ... and almost succeeded in making me [illegible] ... it him going, and almost succeeded in making me a life-long victim to their [illegible] ... O! fraud! fraud! cheese! Doctor by Mail! humbug, or Free-Trial humbug to you ... in the only way they deserve—of infamy, impotency, fraud, ignorance, and downright malfeasance. Think of the millions of men who are unfortunate enough to be sexually weak if they are not, like Rockefeller, Ohio, and I, here and now, again challenge the frauds to show me a case of fraud like this matter in any court of law or justice. Thousands of men who were almost ruined by them, and who have since been thoroughly and permanently cured by my "Wonder-Workers," have offered and now stand ready to prove every charge I have made against them.

"Wonder-Workers" found me and made me entirely well after the frauds had nearly killed me, and since then I have sent to more than 15,000 men in the United States and Canada who bear glad and willing testimony to the wonderful results following and cured power. "Wonder-Workers" do NOT excite in stimulate. They are a Pure Food and Certain Tonic for the entire nervous and gen ... tem, and their mission is to restore NATURAL sexual strength and vigor, thus giving men the kind of strength that men ought to have. They are in tablet form, and are prepared from the purest ingredients by the best chemists in America, and are sold on their merits in the entire world. The directions for their use are simple and easy to follow, and you can rest assured that every tablet is manufactured to absolute uniformity. They do cure (and when I say cure I mean absolutely cure) Impotency, Nervousness, Varicocele, Spermatorrhœa, Nervous Debility, Night or Day Losses, Nervousness, or any Enfeebled Condition of the sexual system, no matter what the cause or whether the sufferer be old or young, single or married. They are cheaper than any other remedy made anywhere in the world.

Hundreds of physicians are selling their patients to buy "Wonder-Workers," and I challenge the world, or any physician in the world that they are not a genuine scientific "Wonder-Workers" in its power to cure any and all sexual weakness, and for so handing forward any medicine that has made ONE-HALF as many sexually sick men strong.

Bear in mind that I do not go behind the bush about my remedies. I do not cowardly operate under a high-sounding company name, nor I do not hide my identity behind a post-office box. My name is known the world over. Geo. S. Beck, and I live at 420 S. Market St., Springfield, Ohio, where I have lived for years, and where you will find me at home almost every day of the year. I will have any doubt about me or my reliability write to any of YOUR friends in this city.

I do not forget that I am the only man in the world in the medicine business who SWEARS that the goods he sells are cured himself; who SWEARS that there are no schemes of any kind connected with his business; and who SWEARS to hold the names of those who buy from him sacred forever. Read my affidavit of my position, and bear in mind that you are perfectly safe in dealing with me.

"Wonder-Workers" are now Only One Dollar per box (always cash with the order) by express. It will cost you 25 cents to BUY them from your express office. If you send me $1.15 I will send them to you by mail prepaid and thus save you ten cents.

I am telling you the honest truth when I tell you that I have offered you this great remedy at the bare cost of preparing and advertising it; and I am equally as truthful when I tell you that its Wonderful Record of Absolute Cures is the foundation for my sincere belief that "Wonder-Workers will cure YOU.

In perfect confidence address

GEO. S. BECK,
420 S. Market St., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Affidavit Guaranteeing Protection.

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that more than three weeks of Beck's "Wonder-Workers" will be sufficient in four cases out of three to cure any case of nervous weakness, impotency, nervousness and sexual debility, and I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that the purchaser of a remedy of mine and DOES NOT RECEIVE CURE by the number of treatments that I mention in my letter, I will refund the money to him.

BECK'S WONDER-WORKERS

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that the name in my purchase of Wonder-Workers will be strictly sacred, and that they will never be known by anybody save the party to whom they belong.

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that there is no "Private Prescription," "Proposal" or "Trial" scheme, or any other scheme of any kind connected with the sale of "Wonder-Workers." The entire business is honest.

Sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1898.
GEO. S. BECK.
Geo. A. Bruce, Notary Public.

AT FIFTEEN.

Sweet as a hill-blown honey rose, she stands
On life's fair morning, when the crystal dew
Is on the grass, and all the world is blue;
At those that heed above Elysian lands
The sands of time, for her, are golden sands
To her rapt vision, all the earth is new.
There is naught false, because her heart is true,
And untried power lies in her tender hands.
Unsullied story, all the future lies
Like banks no mower within his ken descries,
Like fields unplowed, unsown, unharvested.
A woman's soul is in her dreams, and look
Like [illegible]

Brer' Rabbit.

BY JOHN H. CRAWFORD.

With us the hare is of the remote northern woods, the rabbit is of the fields and many margins of the woods. One retreats before man and civilization the other follows in their wake. The rabbit is now common in parts of New York state, when it may boldly call the hare was found. The rabbit evidently loves to be neighbor to man and profits by it. Nearly every winter one takes up her abode under my study floor, and when the snow is deep and the weather is cold she steals in nearly every night a couple of sweet apples on her threshold. I suppose she thinks they grow there or are born there by the wind like the

In such times she does not leave for retreat; the apples are good fortune enough. If I neglect to put them there, in the morning I see where she has gone forth over the lawn looking for them, or for some other food.

One summer a wild rabbit came up within a few feet of my neighbor's house, scraped out a little place in the turf and rear of her entry there. I suppose she felt more secure from prowling cats and dogs than in the garden or vineyard. My neighbor took me out to let me into her secret. He pointed down to the ground a few feet in front of us and said: "There it is. I looked and saw nothing but the newly-worn turf with one spot the color of the dead grass where the grass was apparently dead. "I see no rabbits nor signs of rabbits," I replied. He stooped to this dry spot and lifted up a little blanket or carpet of matted dry grass and revealed one of the prettiest sights I had ever seen, and the only one of the kind I have ever looked upon—four or five little rabbits had the size of chipmunks, cuddled down in a dry fur-lined nest. The old one came or wink and their ears were pressed down close to their heads. My neighbor let the covereid fall back and they were hidden again as by magic.

They had been discovered by the boys when the grass was mown, and one of them sprang out from the nest, was killed by the mower, he mistaking it for a young rat. The rest of them crept and disappeared through the grass, but the next morning they were back in the nest, and it was undisturbed for several days longer. Only at night, so far as was observed, did the mother visit and nurse them.

When she was not nursing them in the nest, the mat of dried grass covered it completely, so that the entrance to it was concealed, and one was lifted it up and crept beneath. It a very pretty and running device for keeping the young safe. I am quite sure that scarcely his eyes alone would never have found the secret, and I am told even in the lore of the fie

rabbit always covers her nest and young with a little blanket, usually made of fur plucked from her own breast.

A Universal Atmesphere.

Mr Rydberg, a Swedish savant, suggests that the existence of a universal ether, or element metargon in the air strengthens the theory that there is a universal atmosphere extending between the planets and throughout the whole universe. He says he was already known to exist in the sun, in the immediate surroundings of the sun, in the nebulæ and in meteoric stones, which facts he infers that it constitutes a common atmosphere for our system

Lacked One Thing.

"It is a great thing, sir, this newly invented paper collar," remarked the drummer which I am selling. It is drawn by two horses, and will turn out a finished collar every dozen in a day. Think of it, sir! It lightens the farmer's labor to a degree. Only the cost prohibiting a mere pastime, and——"

"Huh! I don't see how! That 'ere dingbittered machine don't kiss the girl every time it finds a read ear, does it?"

Another View of It.

He knew what they always say, so he thought he would forestall her.

"I suppose you've never been kissed by a man before?" he said.

"Do I look as homely as all that?" she demanded, haughtily

Meat is worth $1 a pound in Manila. This is probably due largely to the fact that most of the Manila butchers have recently gone into the saloon business

THE SCHOOLBOY CADETS

Fun and Mystery at Washington Hall---Barry Powell's Victories and Adventures and How Hoke Ummer Fought and Fell.

By ROY ROCKWOOD.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

Barry Powell, the hero of the story, leaves his home in Raytown, with his particular chum, Link Harmer, to attend Washington Hall, a military boarding school near the Hudson river. On arriving at the school Barry becomes acquainted with Pitzer Munro, a fat youth; Sam Schump, a German boy, and a number of others. The German boy is annoyed by Hoke Ummer, the bully of the school, and for this, Barry, who is fairly matched as to size, is nearly killed in the encounter that follows. Barry and Link go off in a sailboat on the lake nearby. As they are sailed around by old Snuff, a boatman, they meet another boat with Hoke Ummer and Bill Coul, his toady, on board. The bully and his toady cannot manage their craft, and, suddenly, the row runs into the other boat, and after the shock the craft containing Barry and Link begins to sink. Barry gets aboard the sinking boat is beached ... the boys escape. A race of words follows, and Barry knocks the bully over into a spot of mud on the way to town. Barry enters a running race with Hoke. Hoke fairly boosted to ... ing Link with him some day and ... dine at the judge's mansion. A few days ... and Barry decides to ... the ... feast in one of the spare dormitories ... has some cables in the room, and ... alone climbs out of the window, expecting to get to the ground by ... side. In the darkness Hoke Ummer ... and unfastens the cables, and Barry is heard to fall heavily to the ground.

CHAPTER XII.

A HERO AND MORE.

Link and the boatman almost gave the youth up for dead.

The captain of the steamboat did not dare to move his craft for fear he should do more harm than good.

Judge Moore continued to struggle to free himself.

But now a cry was heard.

It came from the stern of the steamboat.

"They strike!"

"The girl is safe and so is that brave young man."

Snuff and Old Snuff heard the cry and immediately put about in their ya...

Barry was swimming along on his ... The girl was too weak to support h... he was holding her up with ...

... Bunker Hill but a moment to run alongside of the pair.

... reached over and caught hold of the ... Link aid on deck.

... meantime Barry caught hold of ... and helped ...

... to land and ...

... She is safe now, sure!"

The girl was too exhausted to move, and Link rubbed her hands and did what he ... to ... her.

... ahead, Sir sir," said Barry, in a low ... "I don't want the crowd to make a ...

"The Judge wants to thank you," began Link.

But our hero would not listen.

He was too modest, and made Snuff actually run away from the excursion boat, but five hundred people cheered him and waved their handkerchiefs.

And this was not the end of the matter.

The next day Judge Moore called at the camp and insisted on presenting Barry with a gold watch and chain. With this gift came a sweet letter from Alice Moore, which made our hero blush a good deal when he read it.

It was beginning to grow cold when the camp broke up, and the boys returned to Washington Hall.

"Hurrah! It won't be long before we have skating!" cried Billy, and he was right, for skating came less than three weeks later.

On a Saturday afternoon, when skating was fine, the boys obtained permission from Captain Hooper to go over to the river and try the sport.

A crowd of twenty started off, Barry, Link, Hoke, and Goul among them.

After skating around for a while a race was proposed, and Barry was pitted against Mat Cressy, a local champion skater.

"He won't win!" sneered Hoke.

"I bet a pair of skates he does," returned Link, quickly.

The bully took the bet, and a minute later the race started.

At first Mat Cressy led.

"Told you he would win!" sang out Hoke.

"Wait; it isn't over yet," said Link.

The first half was soon over, and the rivals started on the homestretch.

"Here they come!"

Mat is still ahead!"

Barry was pushing him pretty close!"

On and on came the racers, their bright skates twinkling in the sunshine.

The finishing point was now less than a quarter of a mile away.

The race was a head of two yards, but he was becoming tired.

On the other hand, our hero looked almost as fresh as ever.

He was preparing for a burst of speed on the homestretch.

The crowd cheered lustily and then held its breath.

As Hoke saw Barry creeping up to Cressy he grew much disturbed.

He did not want to lose his bet to Link.

The race was now almost over.

The bully saw that Barry was about to pass Cressy.

In one hand he held a stick with which he had been playing hockey, or "shinny," as boys often call it.

A sudden idea came into his head to trip Barry up.

Getting back in the crowd, he sent the stick out into the ice directly in front of our hero's flying skates.

CHAPTER XIII

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Many saw the cowardly action of the bully, and gave cries of alarm.

"That's done up Powell up!"

"The miserable sneak!"

Had Barry tripped on the stick he would have gone sprawling, and, most likely, would have hurt himself severely.

But our hero saw the stick just in time.

He gave a quick jump into the air and ...

... up he lost h... stick struck ... Barry gained on Cressy.

"... will win it now!"

"... ought not to allow it!"

"Drop out, Powell, and try it over!"

But our hero would not drop out.

He set his teeth hard.

"Whizz! whizz! whizz" went his skates ...

The finishing line was but a hundred feet ...

... now Barry put forth all his muscle. ... bent low and his skates flew so swiftly one could scarcely see them.

On and on ...

Barry ... crawling up.

"Hard ... hard!

"Go it, Barry!

The finish was but a dozen feet away when our hero shot past his rival like an arrow from a bow.

"Powell is ahead!

"He wins by two yards!"

"Hurrah for the schoolboy cadets!"

Cressy looked disgusted when he found himself beaten.

The crowd surrounded our hero but Barry brushed one after another of his friends away.

"Where is Hoke Ummer?" he demanded.

"He had skated down the other side of the river," said a small boy. "There he goes!"

He pointed with his finger.

Without further words our hero skated up to the bully.

"Ummer, you who had tried to trip Barry up when he was about on his skates ...

"Now that your cowardly conduct" cried our hero.

He could not slapped the boy directly across the mouth.

The bully's eyes flashed dangerously.

He had picked up the hockey stick and now carried it by his side.

"Take that, Barry Powell!" he hissed.

He aimed a savage blow at our hero's head.

Barry dodged it. A fight was about to start, when suddenly a cry arose:

"Cheese it! Here comes Captain Hooper!"

At once Hoke Ummer sneaked off, to remain out of sight for the balance of the holiday.

The term after this spent itself rapidly until the Christmas holidays were but two weeks off.

One night Barry, although tired out, found he could not sleep.

He dropped into a troubled doze, and at 2 o'clock in the morning awoke with a start.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The alarm bells were ringing and the cry of "Fire!" was wafted to his ears.

Springing hastily from his bed, he threw open the window, and, seeing the red glare in the distance, in less time than it takes to write it he had left the Hall.

Crowds were in the road, rushing to the place, and before long he found himself near the scene of the fire.

It was a large, flat-roofed dwelling house, three stories high.

From the second-story window the flames were pouring, and huge volumes of smoke rolled out into the night.

The firemen had as yet made no headway against the fire, when a piercing shriek sent a thrill to every heart.

"Oh, my darling, my darling baby! Will no one save her?" screamed a woman. "She is in the house!"

It needed but a minute to realize what the matter was.

"Up with a ladder there! Quick, men; there's a child in the house!" shouted the chief fireman.

Without the loss of a single moment a dozen strong men ran a ladder up the wall.

"The upper left-hand window, where the flames do not reach! Oh, hurry! For the sake of heaven, hurry, men!" screamed the mother.

And hurry they did.

To reach the room, the ladder had to pass through a mass of flame.

Before the sturdy fireman who sprang up it could pass the spot, the ladder itself was on fire.

He reached the burning place, paused a second, and then tried to struggle on.

"Stop!" shouted his chief. "It is certain death! Let no one attempt it. It is useless to sacrifice another life!"

"What, then, you say?" screamed the mother, frantically. "Certain death! Will no one save my child? Then I will save her myself!"

She started forward, swooned, and fell.

There was not a dry eye in the crowd; the chief fireman was deeply moved.

"Who will volunteer to try again?" he shouted. "Up with another ladder!"

Hardly had the ladder reached the house when a boy darted up, sprang like an arrow through the smoke and flame, and disappeared.

The boy was Barry Powell.

This interesting story of schoolboy adventures will be concluded in next week's issue.

Fish as Food.

In relation to the widespread notion that fish contains a large proportion of free phosphorus and on that account is particularly valuable as brain food, a bulletin of the United States department of agriculture states that in specimens thus far analyzed the percentages of phosphorus are not larger than in the flesh of other animals used for food. But, even if the flesh be richly phosphorous, there is no experimental evidence to warrant the assumption that it is valuable than meat or other food material for the nourishment of the brain.

Fish contains the same kind of nutrients as other food materials. It is essentially a nitrogenous food and in this respect resembles meat. Neither fish nor meat is a source of carbohydrates. Oysters contain some carbohydrates, but the foods which supply the energy of nutrients most abundantly are the cereal grains. Fish, meat, eggs, milk, some cereals and vegetable foods, all supply fat, the amount varying in the different materials.

Actual digestion experiments made with fish indicate that it is less quickly digested than beef, being about equal to lamb in this respect.

Suburban Revels.

"Isn't it awfully dull and lonesome out your way?"

"Dull? No; somebody gets stuck in the mud near our house every night."

ONE WHO DARED NOT LOVE.

Good-by, I cannot call you less than friend,
And yet, how could I call you more?
The time has come that brings us to an end
And leaves us there as lonely as before.
And we have said good-by in even tones—
Good-by! what words there for us to say?
And both go on o'er life's great stepping-stones,

And neither murmurs at the separate way.

You have been kind to me; I shall recall
Your kindness with sincerest gratefulness.
And I have been your friend, and that was all!
Was all, what would we more or less?
And yet, now we are parting—better so,
I would not that my bounds to be spared—
There is one thing I wish that you might know,
'Tis this, I could have loved you had I dared!

You smile perhaps; yet if you knew the power
Of some hearts' loving—if you knew, I say,
You'd understand me clearly, when I say this hour
"If I had dared!"—but there, go on your way!

The mysteries of life are complex, friend,
And hearts are riddles strangely hard to read.
The human and divine so strangely blend,
And love is misread, misunderstood indeed.

Your way could not be my way, that I knew;
And yet, I dared not for this heart of mine
Fear not its restless wealth, its love for you.
You still the heart of your friend, one friend
Good-by, dear friend! I shall be strong enough
To bear the grief, the loss that you and I have shared.
We need not mourn; friends were we, that is all—
But, oh, I could have loved you had I dared!

She Liked Onions.

"When I was at sister's last fall," said the tall Rhode Islander, "several times I went to the garden (and I called often, you may believe," he used to pull up an onion, cut off the roots, pop it, jacket and all, into my mouth, and eat it, relishing that might be a little dirty, into the oven. In the course of an hour I got around to the kitchen again after my onion. It was done just right. I took it out, loosened the outer coats, and, heaped a little lump of butter in the heart and ate it. No bread, no nothing, only the butter and a shake of salt. I wish I had one this minute. They're the best way to eat onions I ever had.

"Sister said everything in the house smelled of onions, but she encouraged me to eat all I wanted, 'cause I'd been sick, and they were good for me, you know. I, suppose. But, whether it was the onions or the country air, I began to get well right away, and such an appetite as I developed! I stuck to onions, and when I went home I never felt so well since I can remember. And I laid it all to those baked onions."

Money Saved.

A member entered a well known London club at a comparatively early hour.

"Oh, steward," said he, "did you find a five-pound note on the writing table last night? I wrote a letter intending to inclose the note and I find this morning that I did not inclose it. I must have left it on the writing table."

"Yes, sir," replied the steward, with grave importance, "I did find it, and 'ere it is. And it's well for you, sir, as none of the members 'ad been in before I saw it."

True Enough.

First Tenor—I'm afraid our manager has a skeleton in his closet.

First Bass Drum—Well, that won't do him half as much harm in the long run as will come to him on account of the skeletons he has in the chorus.

HILL: HE PAYS THE EXPRESS

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CAPTURING A SERPENT.

BY G. R. O'REILLY.

For many years I have made a special study of the life-history of the serpent kind. With this purpose I have devoted myself closely to observation of the living reptiles —not in their prisons, the zoological gardens of our great cities, but in their natural homes on the remote hillsides and in the deep forests and sequestered valleys of Europe, Africa, South America and the West Indian islands.

I have pursued them on foot and on horseback, alone and in company with Europeans, Africans, or Indians, climbing like a monkey through tropical forest thickets, or cleaving in a light dugout over the waters of unfrequented rivers or lagoons.

Never fully satisfied with observing them in their wildness, I have captured them alive to take home with me, so that, keeping them always at hand, I might yet become yet more familiar with their peculiarities.

Indeed, I never kill a snake. All my captures are taken alive, sometimes with exceeding difficulty; for not to speak of the precautions to be used in dealing with the deadly varieties, some of the long, harmless kinds, common in the tropics, are so swift on the ground, such acrobats among the trees, and such excellent swimmers and divers, that it requires great quickness and energy to lay hold of them.

Some of my most interesting adventures occurred in the high woods of the island of Trinidad, at the mouth of the Orinoco. Here the trees are 200 feet high, and an ordinary shotgun falls to carry to their leafy tops. So dense up and interwoven are they overhead by vines, like huge ship cables, that even when cut down they rarely fall to the ground, but are still held upright, lashed to their fellows by a thousand natural bindings.

Out flew my hand and caught him by the neck.

It is generally easy for an experienced woodsman to walk below these trees, over the dried leaves, among the young palms, the ferns and green vine-leaved plants that flourish in the shade. But far overhead the orchid lines the branches, with their interlacing coopers form such a thick canopy that even the strong rays of the midday sun can seldom penetrate to illumine even a little spot in the solemn gloom below.

This great wilderness of luxuriance is a paradise to the lover of nature. In every part of the lavish tropical forest are countless species of brilliant plumaged birds, peculiar lizards, frogs and insects, arboreal, terrestrial and aquatic.

There, too, are their enemies, the various snakes, from the giant boa to the tiny coral. These are among the branches, some in the waters of the brooks and rivers—all alert to chase and catch their prey.

One day, after wandering alone for many hours through this grand natural conservatory, I emerged into bright sunlight in an open clearing many acres in extent. The tall, dark woods looked down on it on every side like a gigantic leafy wall, much as the precipitous banks of a deeply-seated lake look down upon its quiet waters below.

At the point where I came out from the woods the place had been perfectly cleared, but that not a vestige of vegetation remained. Even the old tree stumps had been removed, and the ground dug up and made ready for planting.

This cleared piece of land, presenting a level expanse of bare clay, stretched away about hundred yards on more to a river, which, issuing from the forest on one side, wound through the cultivated land and reentered the woods.

Across the river was a rich and flourishing plantation of bananas. The plants gently waved their giant green leaves in the sunlight, though there was scarcely a breath of wind to carry away a floating thistle, down, and the strong tropical sun was baking the newly turned ground to powder.

I sauntered cautiously down close by the woodside, to where the great leaves of a fan palm hung out over a prostrate log, forming a shady seat. This was a fitting spot wherein to rest a while, and scan the tranquil neighborhood for basking or wandering reptiles.

Seated here, I soon noticed out in front of me, and about thirty yards off, a large dark-green and yellow snake, lying at rest half-hidden among the rough clay lumps. It was over seven feet in length and two inches in diameter—a machete, the swiftest species in the country, a veritable serpent athletic, equally at home in the trees, on the ground, or in the water. Its eyes, and even its scales, were visible from where I sat.

As soon as I saw what sort of snake he was I knew that he would soon task my powers to the utmost, and better prepare myself for more brilliantly colored. If, for I am not right between him and the woods, thus cutting off his retreat among the vines and branches, whither he would surely attempt to escape, and give me immense trouble if he reached them.

The long and swift machetas can scurry away over the houghs and twigs of a thicket with all the swiftness of a squirrel. In general appearance he is very like the Florida "coach-whip," but larger, swifter, more powerful, and far more brilliantly colored.

I wore no coat, being dressed simply, as suited woodland work, in shirt and trousers. The sleeves of my shirt were rolled up to the elbows. A long, six foot stick lay at my feet. I used it to press down the necks of deadly snakes so as to prevent them from biting until I had caught them. The stick would not be necessary in taking this fellow, because I knew he was not venomous, and its unwieldy length would surely hinder me in running after him, particularly if he should lead me through the undergrowth of the forest, or among the low bushes that lined parts of the river bank. I must take him with my bare hands, avoiding his bite if possible, for, though not dangerous, it might be very painful. The most feasible plan was to keep the snake from the forest and drive him down on the open clearing, catching him if possible before he could reach the river. Once there, he would dive in and swim away like a fish.

Before beginning the chase I determined first of all to observe the character of the place more carefully. As I stood up gently and slowly, lest I should alarm him, I saw from the better view that the surface of the ground was quite rough. Such a long and lively snake might perhaps be able to get over it much more quickly than I could.

Hatless, bare-armed and with stealthy steps I advanced toward the machete very slowly, so as to lessen the distance between us as much as possible before he should take to flight. Before I had gained five paces he shot off like an arrow to my left, raising a cloud of dust with his lashing tail.

To cut him off from this retreat I sprang before him, and with difficulty succeeded in turning him at the entrance of the river. Almost immediately he doubled backward, and I began to get behind him, behind me; but I met him afresh, whereupon he stopped suddenly, coiled himself, and drew back his head as if to spring at me.

This pause, however, was but momentary, for he immediately turned away to one side, and scurried along at a surprising speed, in the parallel with the edge of the woods, for fifty yards or more.

A hard chase this was, for the snake got over the ground with astonishing quickness. At the time I had run as hard as I could to keep him on the outer side.

Neck and neck I raced with him. He seemed to fly over the ground in his efforts to pass me and gain the woodside. Never before had I seen a serpent so swift.

The yellow scales of his sides flashed in the sunlight like gems struck from the hard clay lumps. His head was held about six inches from the ground, clearing every obstacle. The long, sinuous body behind seemed to thrill and twine with the force of nervous energy.

Yet I proved myself something fleeter than he was; and when I had got a little in front of him he turned away toward the river a second time. But now, as I wheeled after him, making a cloud of dust fly up in doing so, he suddenly faced around and gathered himself up to show fight.

A noble picture he presented! His head was drawn back, with the orange-edged jaws flattened out behind. The delicately forked tongue darted out and in unceasingly, its quivering motion showing his anxiety. The long, graceful neck was drawn into a series of the admirable S-like curves, while the bright, green eyes glittened with anger, and the restless whip-like tail trembled and swished about with excitement.

I stopped, panting from my exertion, and prepared to seize my graceful adversary by the neck, in case he should dart at me. Finding, however, that I stood there so boldly before him, his heart failed completely. He suddenly lost all, and dashed off madly in a direct line to the water.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

A NEW MICROBE.

From Paris Comes Word of the New Microbe Discovered by Professor Fahrig, the Eminent Bacteriologist, Which, It Has Been Proved, Causes Baldness.

HOW THE MICROBE WORKS.

What Is Needed to Stop Its Ravages and Prevent Our Descendants From Being a Race of Bald Heads.

FALLING HAIR IS CURABLE.

Paris, April 28.—Prof. E. Fahrig, the eminent professor of chemistry and doctor of science, has made public the nature of his latest discoveries in regard to fibre, human hair and the microbe which causes dandruff, falling hair, gray hair and baldness.

His discovery will, when thoroughly understood, revolutionize the treatment of all hair diseases.

For his treatise lately published he describes his experiments as to the contagious properties of dandruff, as caused by the transferring of the microbe from one person to another in hair brushes, etc., and also explains how the microbe can be destroyed by proper germicidal and microbicidal applications.

This treatment, Dr. Fahrig makes clear, by destroying the microbe will cure the disease of which it is the cause, and therefore gives permanent relief from dandruff and falling hair, and prevents gray hair and baldness even up to extreme old age.

His formulae have been used in the preparation of Cranitonic Hair Food, as made in Paris at the laboratories of the Cranitonic Hair Food Co., according to his directions, and this article is therefore the only logical and scientific treatment for all hair and scalp diseases.

The American laboratories in New York City, to prove its wonderful efficacy, have advertised to give away a free bottle to every applicant, by mail prepaid to any address, and have in consequence been deluged with applications.

Those of our readers who wish to take advantage of this free offer should send their name and address to the Cranitonic Hair Food Co., Cranitonic Building and Laboratories, 826 West Broadway, New York City, mentioning the Chicago Ledger, when the free bottle will be sent them direct by mail prepaid.

Retrospect.

If I could go back to the forks of the road,
Loved all this fleeting life has to offer,
Again to decide which looked smoothest and best,
I wouldn't take either—I'd knock off the rest.

To Ledger Readers.

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EATING AGAINST TIME.

The Picture Dickens Drew of Americans at Table.

It is a long time since "Martin Chuzzlewit" stirred up Yankee indignation. Everything to admit that the "thriving City of Eden" might have been located in more states than one, and that Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram have "trotted their hour upon the stage" under many aliases, which failed to conceal their identity. But however we might deny the general fidelity of Dickens' sketches of American life and character, we cannot deny that his picture of the American at his meals, minus that touch of caricature which is only the emphasis of humor, is almost as accurate to-day as it was when the great author penned his novel.

Here is the picture as Dickens painted it: Martin Chuzzlewit has just arrived. He has presented his credentials and met several "prominent citizens," in company with two of these he is leisurely walking down the street, engaged in conversation. Suddenly the clanging of a bell is heard and the estimable citizens start off at breakneck speed in the direction of the sound. Other people are seen running in the same direction. Martin conjectures that it is a fire, and quickens his steps. Around the corner he comes on a mighty throng, ringing a bell with great industry and sees a struggling crowd fighting their way through an narrow door eager to reach the dinner table. Martin finds, by the courtesy of the

colonel, a seat turned down for him and he watches the scene in amusement. Everybody is scrambling, bolting and gulping as if life depended on swallowing all the food possible in the most indigestible condition.

"The pastry flew as rapidly as if every bird had the use of its wings and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters disappeared in scores at the mouth of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished like sugar-plums. Great heaps of indigestible matter accumulated as the forks of the sun. It was a solemn and awful thing to see the mountains rising and falling like wedges; feeding not themselves but a brood of night-mares. Seven men with hard and rigid cheeks came out unsatisfied from the confines of beef; dishes had glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry."

Of course this is caricature. But it is caricature which impresses us less than we eat too much and too rapidly. That we eat without any regard to the nature of our food for the nourishment of the body. That the over-used the stomach, struck the digestive and nutritive organs under a burden they cannot carry, and record the ruin of that great army of men and women who are victims of "stomach trouble." The sanitariums are full of such people. The springs and baths in this country and Europe are largely supported by them. They are patronized day and night and are constant victims of quackery in their attempts to cure their torment. America is known to-day as a dyspeptic nation. If it be not, as cynical old Dr. Abernethy said to-day, that the first place to look for the cause of disease under ordinary conditions is the stomach, how much more true must that statement be under the existing circumstances when a man abuses his stomach as he would not abuse a beast of burden, when he scalds it at one moment and freezes it the next, stuffs it and starves it the same time, irritates it with condiments, sluices it with all kinds of fluids and loads it with substances of a little food value in a wood pulp?

That is the actual condition of things which Dr. Pierce has undertaken to cope with when he prepared his "Golden Medical Discovery," for disorders of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. The theory that "disease when originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach" was the fundamental theory on which Dr. Pierce worked, and in a practice of more than thirty years, cures of diseases in heart, head, lungs, liver, nerves and other organs, by the cure of the diseased condition of the digestive and nutritive system, have abundantly demonstrated the soundness of the Doctor's theory and the perfection of the remedy he prepared to meet the required conditions. These cures are numbered by hundreds of thousands, and the beneficiaries of Dr. Pierce's skill are found in every walk of life.

As an illustration of these statements And Adams, take the case of Mr. John L. Coughenour, of Glenavage, Somerset Co., Pa. He writes:

"I had been doctoring and using patent medicines for about a year and a half, being unable to work most of the time. The doctor said I had heart disease and indigestion. I began with a choking and oppressed feeling in the chest; later on I was troubled with a hungry feeling, and I seemed to be raw from my throat clear down into my stomach. My appetite was unusually good, but I was as weak as an infant as though I had been starved out for months. My heart kept throbbing constantly and I was short of breath. Finally I wrote to you for advice and your informed me that I had to digestion and a torpid liver. I did not think your diagnosis was right, but I ordered six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from you and began its use. After using three bottles I began to improve slowly and soon went to work, and I have been working ever since.

Similar cases could be multiplied. It is reasonable that in almost all cases a resort has been had to Doctor Pierce's treatment after other remedies have failed to give relief and doctors' fees have been paid in vain.

It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets have done for me," writes Mrs. F. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with severe fever and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would cause me great distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me and said I had typhoid fever, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels, last year was $25,000.00. The book has 1,008 pages and over 700 illustrations, and is supplied in cloth binding or paper covers. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound edition. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIFE AND I.

When, in the glow of morn,
In the spring weather,
First I met my love,
Walked we together.
Only were we I and I.

Pain would I quarrel,
Sure enough pride of wealth.
Green was fame's laurel;
Joy pluved a careless tune
For my foot's trending.
Hope smiled, her rainbow light
Over all shedding.
Pains, fame were they, and thou,
Small thanks I owe thee.
Life! Oh, how poor thou art,
Now that I know thee!

Nay! when I see the stars
Over me burning,
Why wonder with delight with
Infinite yearning?
God's power how great it is!
And, with mine beating.
Each heart in unison made
Seems in one meeting;
Love—for this alone
All love we owe thee!
Life! Oh, how rich thou art,
Now that I know thee!

A GAME WITH DEATH.

BY ROBERT W. M'CULLOCH.

Kannoga, an Indian boy of the tribe of the Coeur d'Alenes, was sitting one evening with Aaklee, his little sister, at the edge of the forest on the shore of Coeur d'Alene lake and was telling her a favorite story, when at one of her interruptions he laughed and leaned carelessly back and looked over the top of a log for a cougar.

"If I were drowning you would swim out into a great depth, Grandfather Gray Beaver did, wouldn't you?" the girl asked. She spoke indignantly, for that day she had heard an old man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation, instead of into the forest, could never be brave Indians, and she was sure that they could be brave.

It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back.

She waited, but he did not answer.

With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the level of the log he was sitting, he stared into the great restless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was a big, powerful, with a body dry looking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching and waiting for him. The beast was still centered in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. She was seized with a sudden fear that she might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her yet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the girl, for she was in the beginning spell of those terrible eyes. Kannoga knew that she would turn her head to see why he had not answered, and in order not to distract her attention he kept silent he lowered his glance and met hers.

"Why don't you do something in his face that made her afraid, and he looked at her with intentness far beyond her, down the long dark corridors of her soul, down to shore, toward the skin-covered tepee by the spring, toward her father, Kannoga, and Sis-sco-ka, their father, lived during the summer.

"Stand still!" said Kannoga, as calmly as he could, and with a great effort to remain quietly there, without fear. He knew that what was overhead; but the effort caused his voice to sound strained.

"Shut your eyes," he said, suddenly.

The command in Kannoga's tone seemed still more at the unaccountable change in his voice.

For a moment more his fingers tightened convulsively upon his limb, then gradually relaxed and unclasped. His body, too, relaxed, and moving it slowly, very slowly, down beside him, he began to feel carefully in the sand he reached cautiously toward something that he knew was there.

"We shall play a new game," he said then, and the girl caught the expression of a smile that flashed over his face as he spoke.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and at once shut her eyes.

Kannoga now looked steadily at the cougar, while he turned his sister about so that she faced the tepee.

"Walk as slowly as you can—with your eyes shut," he said.

She started slowly enough, but the fierce impulse to look back, to watch her intently again and to grow restless, while a pecking broad tawny head swung along the limb and farther downward as she moved away.

But Kannoga, watching, saw his hand and waved it in the air. At this the panther's attention was diverted. It made a suspected and rapid movement, was withdrawn from sight.

"Go faster," said the boy; "go faster."

The girl did as he bade her, but he could tell by the faster sound of her feet that she was afraid.

"Run!" he called. "Open your eyes and run, but don't look back, and don't stop till you stand in the tepee with Mar-tah."

"Is that all of the new game, Kannoga?" she asked, in fear.

"No," he answered; "there is more."

Meanwhile he still sat in the same place, watching the cougar and holding it attention by the constant movement of his slender arm and of his grimy, tattered sleeve.

When Aaklee was at a safe distance the sense of his own danger came suddenly upon him.

If Sis-sco-ka would only come with his rifle—or Gray Beaver, an old man now, but still a great hunter. If he had only told Aaklee! He turned his head and looked after her. Down the winding track of sand beside the still lake, both grown a dull gray in the evening light, he saw her running and he knew that long before she could reach the tepee he would be beyond the need of rescue.

He had turned his head for only an instant, but in that instant the cougar had crept nearer and its long tail had begun to swing slowly, stealthily, from side to side.

Kannoga saw no hope of escape, but with every sense alert he studied his desperate chances.

The panther lay crouched with its head toward the tepee, while he sat facing the lake. When he had carefully measured the space between them and the cougar's body he watched the latter's every move. To spring directly under the panther was the only order to find firm footing, and when he raised up for it discovered its dripping head like the more than an arm's length from his own.

Then he took a deep breath and lay down upon the bottom, for that the panther would leave him.

It swam, however, watching even him and wailing.

He started to crawl out from shore, but it seemed to him that the water was deeper when heavy claws sunk into his leg and felt upon the bottom. Then, with a mighty leap it held, the panther immediately shifted its position and began to drag him deeper into shallower water.

He made desperate efforts to hold fast to the lake bed, for he knew what the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers could only plow through the sand.

The sharp point of a rock that tore his flesh as he was dragged over it gave him hope. He grasped it with both hands and clung to it with all his strength, but in a moment fingers were digging vainly in the sand again.

At last he raised his head for air.

The panther at once let go of his leg and came at him with open mouth, but he moved slowly in the water, and Kannoga by a great effort, stood up.

Then the beast sprung upon him.

The boy had expected this, however, and fell as far out from shore as he could.

When the feeling of dizziness had left him he found that he had gone so far that the panther held his arm in its mouth and was swimming with it. He felt at last with his

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME."

Because you love me I have found
A joy that were not mine before;
My pulses have lightened up my day
With gladder growing poems for more.
Because you love me I have found
A beauty in the realness of Power;
A beauty in the sunshine of Love
Because you love me I pray to turn
The noblest side of every hour.

Because you love me I can choose
To look thro' your dear eyes and see
Far outward the beauty of the New
Far onward the Infinity.
Because you love me I can wait
With peace that is all possessed;
Because you love me, all my life
Is circled with unquestioning rest;
For you love Life and even Death
Is all unquestioned and all blest.

HIS BURGLAR.

Whitridge lived in the suburbs. When he made his confession to me, he admitted that he was a weakling to do what no one considered the inconvenience of crossing the ferry, riding in a train of commuters, changing to a trolley car and finally groping through a dark park. But, as he explained, the hour, like the wind, goes pretty much where it wills, and his had taken up its abode in the old Walton House, some miles from the city, and after all it was not to get out.

Whitridge was such an indolent man that I doubt if he ever arranged his mental state so he should have chosen to worship at a shrine that could be reached only by a vexatious journey. His indolence was natural and sensible, for has grandfather had dried up in an old house on Front street and left him a million. Before that he had entered a little in law and would have succeed so far as to defend a celebrated burglar known as One-Eyed Grogan, who was the original cause of the shrewdness of his uncle's cross-examination and the subsequent sense of duty that immediately retired him the bar and took to doing nothing. He did it well.

Such a career met the severe disapproval of Dorothea Drake, the most womanly of the suburbs, was cultured and had ideas. Now having done any herself in the matter of study for any question, she believed that every man should be busy either in the line of his profession or not. Whitridge asked her to marry him she said, abruptly: "But you don't want to be a man without an aim in life."

"My profession," worked and had aims for me," Whitridge replied.

"Every man should do something in this world, even if it is only striving an express wagon," said the girl, warmly.

"I should make a poor man who might as well not be living at all. You——" Whitridge paused a little and then with a little relief, he interrupted reproachfully.

"Of course, you don't like me," Dorothea said on, more kindly. "But it seems a much nobler for a man to say he is a lawyer than to sit all day in the office for a dull old man and do nothing but that I've got $1,000,000 and am willing to share it with you. Now, there's it!"

"I think the average woman would say that I'd shame her husband don't bother about the office," was the grim reply.

"Nonsense!"

"You consider me an average woman, then?"

"No, no!" cried Whitridge. "And if you will I shall stave for you. I'll go down-town and plod after the law and we can live on what I make."

"Now you talk foolishly," said she. "I do not demand work for work's sake, but it seems to me time for a man to be without an occupation in these times shows a lack of privilege."

"But it takes a great deal of brains to do nothing and do it respectably. And, after all, I don't think you can say that I am very bad."

"No." And that's where more trouble comes. You are not even reformable. A woman might devote herself to the work of reforming a man, but you offer nothing but inane negation."

"And love," Whitridge blurted out, and he was overcome with confusion. He blushed and began to tear nervously at the lapels of his coat. But his embarrassment served to emphasize his honest and sincerity.

The girl recognized this and said kindly: "I know I am foolish, Sam, but I have clearer ideas perhaps. So don't talk of it any more."

Then good-night," said he, rising abruptly from his chair and holding out his hand. "I shall go, and I shall not call again."

"Then good-night," said she, rising also, and she gave him her hand. "I shall be glad to see you at any time you may wish to call."

Whitridge turned and walked from the room without further leave, as he had set out, gazing abstractedly into the fire. He heard the door close with a bang a few minutes later, and by a sudden impulse she ran to the room, turned up the lights, threw open the window, noiselessly raised the window and peered out into the darkness. She caught a glimpse of Whitridge as he disappeared into the blackness of the road, and, striking beneath his feet, she was disappointed. She closed the window with a shudder.

Dorothea Walton's disappointment had its grains of truth, one of those mock-confrontations that are such a bane to the man who calls. When Whitridge had left her, she put on his overcoat and hat, opened the first door and closed it behind her, and then left her standing in the vestibule. He seized the knob of outer door, turned it and stepped into the street. Then he turned the knob the other way and pulled, but the door of the lodger. He turned and pushed and pushed and turned, but his efforts were not rewarded.

Now, in the twenty-five years of his life, Whitridge had learned that locks are very human; that they resent harsh treatment and are susceptible to kindness and persuasion, so he gave this particular one a good long breathing spell, approached it again, as though he were afraid of disturbing it, and turned it so gently that had it been sleeping it would hardly have been awakened. He went just so far and then stopped. He gave it a violent jerk and a forceful jar—all to no avail. Again he rested and again attacked the obstinate mechanism, only to confess himself utterly beaten.

He thought of arousing the family, but peering through the frosted glass into the dimly lighted hall he saw that the family had retired for the night. The idea of being found in such a position was repulsive to him. After what had occurred was he to confess that he had been conquered by a doorknob? He certainly was not, or at least until all hope was gone. He remembered that the back door had been open all in town and would be at home at 12 o'clock. It was an hour yet, but he believed that he could persuade the old gentleman to hold his peace, and that was worth long and weary waiting.

One more attack on the doorknob convinced Whitridge of the uselessness of further efforts at freedom, so he settled down in a corner and made himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. As he sat there on the floor of the dark vestibule he forgot his unpleasant predicament and fell to thinking of her, and as he thought of her he fell asleep.

The sleeping man was awakened by a gentle jar of the door, and he opened his eyes into the dim glare of a dark lantern. He tried to raise himself, but there was a weight on his chest and he was forced back to a prostrate condition. He would have cried out in fear, but a hand was clapped over his mouth.

From the blackness behind the lantern came a hoarse whisper:

"Say a word, Grogan, it's me, Grogan, who you got off. You ain't goin' to be hurt."

Whitridge was wide awake now, and the situation came to him in a flash. He recalled the name of Grogan. Front street called the man's mission at the Walton house he had that to do with the burglar. Whitridge was sent from heaven to release him from the toils. He tried to speak, but the hand was there and the hand from his mouth after another admonitory "Say a word!"

The burglar rose to his knees, and leaning toward the dark form of his quondam client whispered: "Come down-town and I'll affectionately. "Can't you get me out, Grogan?" he asked.

There was a chuckle. The light quivered in evidence of the amusement of the man who held it.

"Can't you?" repeated Whitridge.

"I-sh!" Grogan answered. "Turn about and be fair play, see? as you saved me once before."

"But I'm not a burglar," Whitridge expostulated.

"It looks suspicious," was the reply. The light quivered again, and Grogan chuckled. "You seem anxious to get out without a row."

"See here, Grogan," said Whitridge. "I'll be honest with you. I'm going to get out, if I have to break the bonds of mine, and I think I'll just give the alarm."

"Hop a little more, my lad," replied. "I don't think they're on my watchin' list."

"But can't I see you as a friend of mine," Whitridge pleaded.

"A pretty time this fer friend's to be locked up in vestibule, particular with pockets full o' spoons an' things like that," said Grogan, and the light shuffle in the light of the lantern. "I got it in her room while I looked for the safe, an' I'm ragin' mad."

He opened the leaves and turned the light full on a large silver tea service. Whitridge gasped. A long silence followed, during which the burglar looked from the silver to the prisoner and out word after word.

"Why, it's about a fair deal," he said. "She must 'a' had a friend of mine come back to me, she says."

"Yes," Grogan explained Whitridge, grasping his companion's arm.

"Then I'll be a fool if only come back she'd a-c-c-o-p-t him an——"

Whitridge saw a pocketbook. "It's a woman's diary," he said, roughly, "and you have no right to look at it."

"Then I'll put it in the lantern light to suit my own eyes, he read an entry:

"Eleven a. m. What a fool I am! I have just refused him; told him that he could not understand me, and that I was ambitious; aired all my fine ideas, and yet when he had departed I could hear his footsteps as he picked his way along the path to the street. Oh, what a fool I am! If only to the street I come back, I would beg his forgiveness and accept him. I'm a fool, a fool, a fool!"

Whitridge snapped the portfolio shut and rose.

"Grogan," he said firmly, "we must get out of this at once. Never mind how. I'll take care of you and plead your case at any time."

"Just wait," growled the burglar. "Mebbe——"

A strong hand was laid on his throat, and he was lifted to his feet. Whitridge had unlocked the door.

There was a crash of glass; a feminine scream followed, and upstair as the upper doors of the house.

"Dorothea!" Dorothea," arose from the vestibule. "It's only me, Sam Whitridge. Don't be frightened. Hurry down and let me out of this cell."

"It really is!" came in fright-ened tones from the stairway. "Whitridge, who had Grogan pinned fast in a corner.

"Why, it's Sam! He's chokin' me to death!"

"No, it's I. Don't be scared."

In answer to these cries Dorothea Walton, attired in a dressing gown, with her hair in a net cloth, led a line of five maids, similarly armed, down the stairs. The ancient nurse brought up in the rear muttering prayers.

The door was opened, and Whitridge dragged his captive forth before the house-hold.

"How did you get him?" exclaimed the girl, her fright having given way to indignation.

"Don't bother about that now," replied Whitridge, nonchalantly. "Have you a good closet close by?"

Dorothea ran to the distant end of the hall and threw open a door. Whitridge pulled the discomfited Grogan after her, while the maids made a threatening demonstration against the prisoner with their golf clubs.

"Please 'ard, Mr. Whitridge, plead 'ard," moaned the burglar, as his captor pushed him into the closet, closed the door and turned the key.

"What does the creature mean?"

"Compose yourself, Dorothea!" replied the young man coolly. "First let us have some lights in the library. Then I shall explain."

The suggestion was quickly followed, and while the six servants watched the door behind which lay the captive, Sam Whitridge explained.

"The man thinks, and rightly, too," he said, "that he has a claim on you and myself inasmuch as he showed this to me." He drew the diary from his pocket and opened it at the last entry. "I have been mean enough to read it."

Dorothea Walton took the portfolio, looked blankly at the man and then at the last page.

"Am I forgiven?" Whitridge asked.

The girl seated herself at the table and seized a pen.

"There is one more entry," she said. "Look over my shoulder and read it."

She glanced at the clock and then wrote: "Two a. m. He has come back, and I have accepted him."

Capturing a Serpent.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

He now had ground more in his favor, for his enemy lay somewhat down-hill. This, together with the increased roughness of the surface, retarded him and impeded me. The clay in this part of the field was in large cakes, and I broke off a piece.

Onward among these lumps I rushed after him, stumbling frequently, and raising a cloud of dust. As I followed right at his tail down the slope to the river bank.

As he came to the bank the hand was out, and throwing myself forward I made a wild snatch for it. But the bank was nearer than I thought, and over it the snake shot, downward into the water below.

I, too, with my eager hand still outstretched, went down after him head first, grasping blindly at his tail in doing so. Splash went the water into my eyes and face, and confusion stunned me. I heard nothing else. I saw nothing, for I had not intended to take a ducking. The long grass on the bank had deceived me. As I went in that suddenly, my eyes had closed involuntarily. Meanwhile I had gone into the water carrying with me. My fingers still clutched him well and tightly.

In a moment I was standing on the bottom, holding up my head with my left arm, my right shoved my head, for I was immersed in the bubbling water to the arm-pits. The snake was still above the surface he wished himself like a whip-lash around my hand and arm.

Viciously seizing me with his open jaws by the left wrist, he worried it like a vice, and I felt his needle-like teeth into the flesh.

I would have let him go at the act of this, but he also wound the throat and upon his grip, but the great pressure to do so. I was holding him, and if I pulled him off forcibly, I should lacerate myself terribly.

Quick as lightning the proper method occurred to me. I simply doubled beneath the water again! I knew that he would not bite me under water, even though I still held him by the tail.

So down went my head below the surface, and the snake swung loose to swim away. The tug I had given his tail took him by surprise, and he coiled himself more vigorously than before around my head and arms, striving more earnestly to release himself from my triumphant grasp.

Occasionally he would unloose his coils, and beat himself against the surface of the water, lashing it into foam, and sending little showers of blinding spray around me.

During this whole chase and capture I had supposed myself to be alone and unseen, save by the wild denizens of the forest. Even their attention I had not drawn by a single word or exclamation. The whole performance had been a silent, earnest, struggle, followed by a wild plunge in the river. The captive and myself, I thought, straightforward witnesses.

What, then, was my surprise, as the water ran out of my ears, and dripped from my eyelashes so that I could both hear and see again, to behold on the farther bank above me a half-dozen swarthy men. They were dancing about, shouting and jostling each other like lunatics, asking, entreating each other to come down to me and, inspiring each other they evidently considered a mad attempt at suicide. Their excitement was even higher.

"Jump in, Charley!"

"No, you do it, Saul's swim!"

"O my king! Oh, save him! Save him!" and so on.

All this took place in much less time than it takes to tell it. Before the water ran out of my mouth and nose, I burst into laughter. Whereat the men stood aghast for a moment, then astonished than ever. But instantly realizing that I was no suicide, and that they had been fooled, they, too, laughed aloud.

"Ugh, Pete. You no see him jump after dat snake like a mad tiger cat?"

"Ugh, Saul, he look like many! He bite you—so!"

"Ugh! Whe! Yes, bite man! See blood on him face?"

Smilingly I washed off the blood, and telling them not to fear for me, clambered out on the bank beside them.

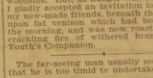
Then I sat down among their eager questions and laughed. They gave fragments a large water-gourd. They gave it to me, and I drank a long and refreshing draught.

They were a party of Creole hunters, who, having gone in amongst the bananas to rest and eat, had been interrupted in eating after the flying snake. My appearance on the tranquil scene, bathed, coated and alone, coming from heaven knows where, and rushing on excited, had set them and me on each other, naturally astounded them.

I was very thoroughly pleased with the day's events. My wet clothes counted for little, as the heat in the bright sun dried them again. That most exciting hunt had been a success, and moreover I was the possessor of a beautiful prisoner.

My hat and coat I left there, on the log by the woodside. But, as hunger was now making itself accepted as an invitation to dine with my new-made friends, beneath the bananas, and as the vermin which lodge in them in the morning, and was now roasting over a glowing fire on withered branches.—The Youth's Companion.

The far-seeing man usually sees so much that he is too timid to undertake anything.



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We give every reader of this paper the choice of any one ring shown in this advertisement absolutely free. Ring No. 1 is a genuine "Ander" South American diamond, 1 carat in size. Ring No. 2 is a genuine "Ander" South American diamond, 1 carat in size. Ring No. 3 is a genuine "Ander" South American diamond, 1 carat in size. Ring No. 4 is made from the finest imitation of diamonds, each stone about ½ carat in size. The solitaire and each five emerald stones, the largest in the center as shown in cut, are set in 14 karat gold mountings. Ring No. 5 is made from the finest imitation of diamonds, each stone about ½ carat in size. The solitaire and each five ruby stones, the largest in the center as shown in cut, are set in 14 karat gold mountings. Ring No. 6 is a genuine "Ander" South American diamond, 1 carat in size. The ring is a solid gold ring, warranted 14 karat fine, and is stamped in center and four ruby brilliant stones surrounds it. It is a ring you need in it every day in the year. Remember, we give you the choice of any one ring shown in this advertisement absolutely free for a year's subscription to SOYCE'S MONTHLY. We know that if we can get you to read the paper for a month or two you will become a permanent subscriber, and we are willing to send it to you for a year you will receive a number of short stories from the great romancers of the world, and a number of articles on subjects of interest to you. In addition it will contain numerous fine illustrations. Soyce's Monthly is a first-class publication in every respect. It is not a story paper of adventure, travel, discovery, humorous sketches, etc. We wish to introduce SOYCE'S MONTHLY in every home and therefore make the above extraordinary offer. Remember, you get the choice of any one of the beautiful rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free for a year's subscription to SOYCE'S MONTHLY. Every home and therefore make the above extraordinary offer. Remember, you get the choice of any one of the beautiful rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free for a year's subscription and state exactly which of the two rings you want. If you are already a subscriber to SOYCE'S MONTHLY, your subscription will be extended one year from the present time. Send 10 cents for sample copy. Address all orders plainly and remember to state which ring you want.

SOYCE'S MONTHLY, RING DEPARTMENT, SOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.
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STRICTURE CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP
8,000 Cured in One Year.
Dr. Carter's GRAY SOLVENT Remedies will dissolve, digest and forever remove Urethral Stricture in from 1 to 3 days. Reliable, Absolute and Permanent. Write for FREE Book, Testimonials, Valuable Treatise and Medical Advice. Consultation FREE. Correspondence Confidential.
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"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH
SAPOLIO

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." TWOS. GILLARD, Ralph, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

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OLD Whisky 50c per gallon. Also other liquor cheap. Pay for them. Wanted—A Live Man in Ohio

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WHISKERS In 30 days, $1.00 size—ready FREE for 10c. Enos Mfg. Co., Palatine, Illinois

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SILK FOR CRAZY WORK Fifteen yards in part colors, with book on fancy stitches, all of different styles, and how to work them, sent for 10c. in stamps. STAR SILK CO., Box 35, Fall River, Mass.

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SEND 25 Cents to Lock Box 792, Boston, Mass., and receive by return mail a package of goods worth $5 to you, which will be sent you free. They will start you in work that will bring you in money right along, all the time, or during spare moments only. The work is easy, pleasant and strictly honorable, and such that any one can go at it at once. Those who want steady, profitable employment should not delay, as no one who is offered this opportunity fails to make money very rapidly. You can live at home and do the work in your spare time only, or you can devote your entire time to it. Many are making fortunes at the business we offer you. Don't delay. Address as above.

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MARRIAGES arranged, refined, wealthy people introduced; best matrimonial paper; sample copy (sealed) free. A matrimonial paper. Call or address Cupidon Co., 1 Madison Ave., Madison Square, N. Y.

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I TELL FORTUNES by Cards. To Test Question Advice—Matters of Love, Marriage, Business or Matters of Secrecy, give Birth, sex, look of hair, send 25c. and stamp for reply. Astrologer, Dept. S, Portland, Maine

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DICE, CARDS, WHEELS

NEW SLOT MACHINES Latest Odd Goods Furniture and Supplies of every description. Send for illustrated catalogue. Mention this paper. 192 Madison Street, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CAMERA and Outfit Complete, 69c.

Takes photographs and landscapes, in fine style. Size of picture 2½x2½. Has lens and fully auto matic and guaranteed; especially constructed for amateurs; instructions free. Don't miss this chance. Henle & Hay, 241 Centre Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Your picture enlarged free.

Send no money, just your photo or of some one dear to you, we will enlarge it free, return your photo and original and add it to your collection of photos and enclose ten two cent stamps.

The Cleveland Electric Light Enlarging Co., Cleveland, O. Established 1890 Incorporated.

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THE PASSING SHOW.

Dewey's Judgment Always Sound.

Admiral Dewey's peremptory refusal to be talked of as a candidate for the presidency is a new proof of his soundness of judgment. The same wisdom that has enabled him to keep his victorious laurels unsullied by subsequent mistakes at Manila prompts him to stick to his chosen profession. His judgment is as sound in civil as in military matters, but he is a sailor and not a politician. He knows and says that neither by education nor by experience is he qualified for administrative duties such as those of the president of the United States. On the other hand, he is supremely qualified by lifelong education and experience for the high position he holds at the head of the American navy.

Philippine Trade.

Frank H. Hitchcock, who has examined trade in the Philippines for the department of agriculture, says that the trade of the island has decreased the last few years. This is not surprising. The islands of late years were to an almost constant state of insurrection against Spanish authority. Trade in 1893 declined from $20,000,000 to $27,000,000. The trade for 1896 was about the same, while in 1897 the total trade was about $20,000,000. Three-fourths of this trade is carried on through the port of Manila, and the remainder is distributed between the ports of Iloilo and Cebu. The diminishing of imports and increase of exports is another feature of Philippine trade. The decline was more in value than in quantity of merchandise. About 40 per cent of the import trade is in cotton goods and agricultural products form a quarter of the total amount. Hemp and sugar are the principal exports. The countries that secure the most of this trade are England, China, the United States and Spain. England in 1893 got 27 per cent. China and Spain 18 per cent each, the United States 10 per cent, while Germany had only 2 per cent. The trade of Spain with the Philippines was three times that of the United States. This condition will be reversed as soon as the islands are pacified. Under the extortionate system of taxation and official plundering to which the islands were subjected under Spanish rule agriculture and commerce had little encouragement. A change in rule, with improved conditions, will improve the industries of the islands.

Santiago Americanized.

George Kennan tells in the Outlook how Santiago is becoming Americanized. American hotels and restaurants bearing such names as the "United States Hotel," the "United States Hotel," the "American and French Hotel," the "Empire Saloon," the "California Saloon," and the "Chicago Restaurant" are now to be found in all parts of the city; and the proprietors even of Cuban and Spanish cafes invite American patronage by means of ruddy-cheeked Yankee girls setting forth in quaint English the merits of the food, drink or entertainment to be found there. Among such signs that he noted in the course of a day's walk about the city were:

"Sweet Meats."

"Everything is here for sail."

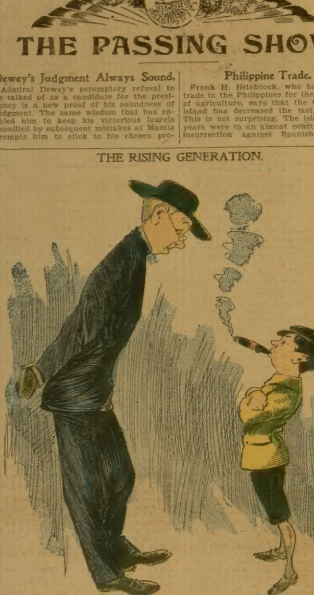
"Hot funches at oll houres."

"Customers treated kindly and quinky."

Lesson in Recent Elections.

The recent western elections ought to open the eyes of the trust promoters and the magnates of industrial combination to the real facts of the situation. What gave Carter Harrison his great majority in Chicago? What elected Mayor Jones of Toledo, running as an independent against regular nomination denied him through the influence of corporate combinations? What enabled the Pingree faction to carry Detroit? What today is agitating the great state of New York and overshadowing all other legislation at Albany? The demand of the people that all corporations enjoying public franchises shall pay a tax on such privileges.

THE RISING GENERATION.



Curate (with pathos)—O, dear child, would it not make your poor father's heart tired if he could see you now?

Tommy—You can just bet it would; this is one of his cigars!

FREE RING AND BRACELET.

GENTS, GIVE US A LADIES, send us your full address and we will mail you 24 sizes 12 packages of our FRAGRANT PERFUME, (in pocket form) to sell among friends at 10c. each; when sold send us the money, and we will send you FREE this handsome CHAIN BRACELET, (warn hot and hot), also a beautiful SOLID GOLD RING, (gent's size) set with a sparkling SCARF PIN, resembling real diamond and made extra massive in shape. Order 12 packages at once and we will send you the RING, BRACELET AND PIN. Address, PERFUME CO., Box 1000, CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

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YANKEE DATER, 15 cts.

Date your Letters, Bills, etc. and always know the correct date. Dater is handsomely nickel plated and will last for 20 years in advance; adjusts quickly to any date; is strong and well constructed, with monogram. Sent postpaid for 15c. Agents wanted. $3 a day.

CONSECUTIVE NUMBERER

JOHN H. INGERSOLL & BRO. Dept. 56, 71 & 73 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

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CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address

DR. BYE, Cor. 9th & Broadway, Kansas City, Mo

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FISH BITE

Will not use the toothsome bait. Will positively feed for over eight years and gives general satisfaction. Carry one or extra number in the box. Will make a big catch if directions are followed. A package of Fish Bite, enough for a whole season, mailed postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of 25c. Florida says: "I have broken all records in this section. The secret is Fish Bite." Georgia says: "Hundreds of testimonials. You can't make it too strong." Fish Bite is a powder. Fresh or salt water. Don't be deceived by imitations. The only manufacturers of genuine Walton Compound. One package lasts a whole season. Sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price. R. B. Cheney, Attorney.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., 162 Reuter St., Chicago

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ELGIN WATCH

Lady's or Gent's size. Stem wind and set. WARRANTED 20 YEARS. Elegantly engraved, 14 karat gold filled plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fine Elgin movement, guaranteed accurate. Sent anywhere C. O. D. subject to examination. Your choice of either for $5.00 cash, send us your full name and address and we will send it C. O. D. subject to examination. If found satisfactory pay the agent our special price, $4.95 and express charges. Mention if you want a lady's or gent's watch. Address, Elgin Watch Co., 100 Dearborn St., Chicago

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I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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C. S. A. MONEY Circulars FREE. Address P. K. Cheney, Box 8, Natural, Ill.

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MARRIAGE Paper Pic. Names and addresses free. Publishers Co., 1170 B, Box 506, San Francisco, Cal.

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5,000 want to marry; many rich. Big lists and Paper Free. The Bee, 15, Chicago, Ill

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748 Hidden Name and Fancy Floral **CARDS** Hidden Name and Floral Basket, Hidden Name and Floral Bouquet, Hidden Name and Floral Spray, Hidden Name and Floral Wreath, Hidden Name and Floral Design, Hidden Name and Floral Scroll, Hidden Name and Floral Star, Hidden Name and Floral Vase, Hidden Name and Floral Wheel, Hidden Name and Floral Cross, Hidden Name and Floral Horseshoe, Hidden Name and Floral Anchor, Hidden Name and Floral Heart, Hidden Name and Floral Crown, Hidden Name and Floral Diamond, Hidden Name and Floral Oval, Hidden Name and Floral Square, Hidden Name and Floral Triangle, Hidden Name and Floral Circle, Hidden Name and Floral Oblong